



Student Review

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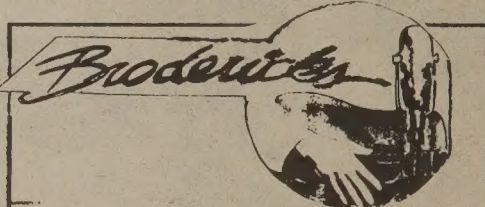
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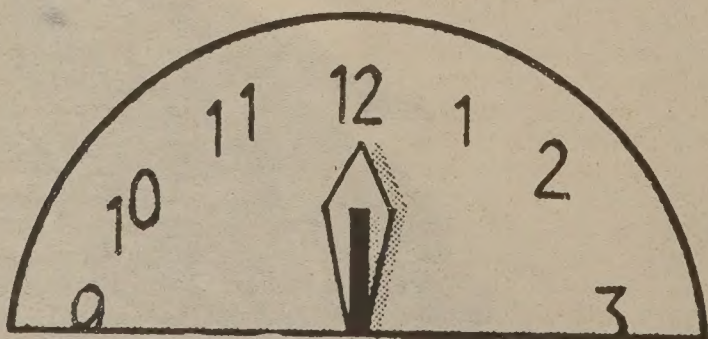
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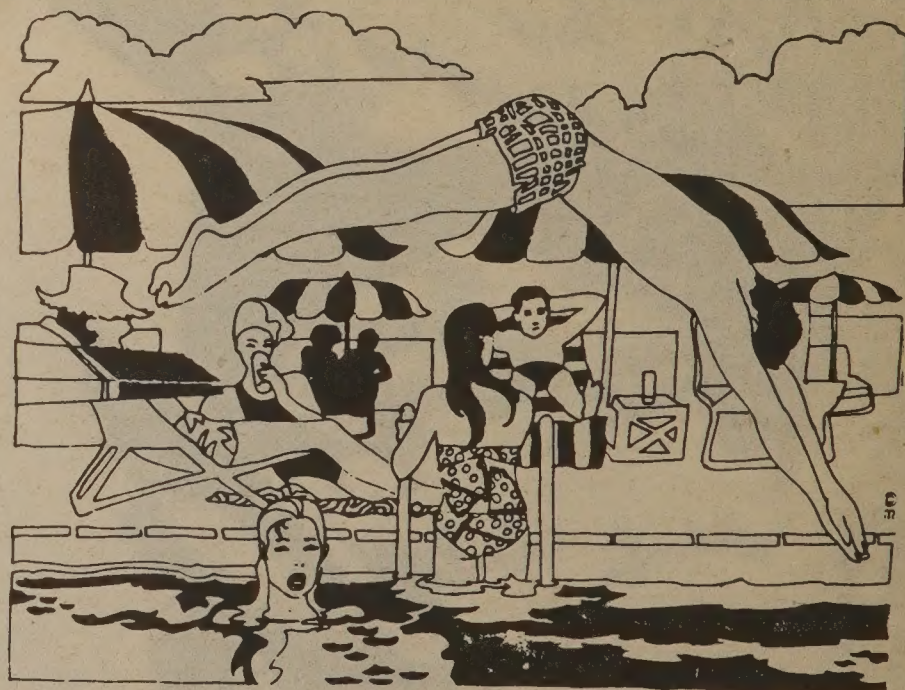
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Student Review

STAFF

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers: BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review.

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Editors Note:

I think it would be fun to run a newspaper
—CHARLES FOSTER KANE, from Orson Wells' classic film *Citizen Kane*.

Yes, it is and has been fun, a lot of fun, and I'm sure it will continue to be so, at least most of the time. Oh, this off-campus paper business certainly has its drawbacks and frustrations, and I'll be going grey sooner and staying in school longer than I had planned. But the most rewarding aspect has been the associations, the friends, and the growing experiences which have come from working with other people and learning from them.

It has been exciting to see the result of creative ideas brought together, to watch them evolve into something like this issue which is totally new in its cover, layout, and artistic design. The credit belongs to many. Working together with others to create something of substance and worth from what was once only an idea—especially something that is significant and of worth, can be very satisfying. It is especially rewarding when you see what can happen when people really care and want to make a difference by sharing what they have, whether it be literary genius, artistic expression, layout acumen, a talent for seeing the lighter side of life, organizational ability, or just plain dedication.

I guess this little note is as much directed towards the staff and all future staff members as anyone. I've often wondered what it is that keeps most of us going and determinedly sticking with the paper. For me, as I suppose for most, it has been the people, not just the product, who have made it worthwhile. Secondly, I've been motivated by the potential for influence and good that can be brought about by an independent publication with the aim of providing a

forum for student thought and expression. This potential can only be realized if we make and even greater effort to address those issues and ideas which are important to us and to the community, and which have significant impact on our spiritual and temporal lives.

There is yet a good deal of room within the many pages of future *Student Reviews* for thoughtful and significant commentary on reality and the complexities of life. There is much that can and must be said about the unique environment and situation at Brigham Young University. There is no other comparable institution of higher learning that attempts to accomplish the mission we have set out for ourselves—that of integrating the gospel of God with the great learning and experience that man has accumulated through the ages. These two things should ideally mesh, smoothly and perfectly, but they often don't. This is because our understanding of both, especially the former, is shallow and imperfect, even for those who are well versed and experienced. Here is the essence of our existence: to try and understand all things just a little better, both those of God and those of man. It is here also that *Student Review* can play a role.

Student Review exists for the students, for the faculty, and for the school as a whole. We encourage and request your thought, your commentary, and your response. If you want to know more about *Student Review*, or join the "party" give us a call at 377-2980.

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Ten Years Past

The LDS Black Experience

by Colin Austin

On the eighth of July 1978, a statement was issued by the first presidency of the LDS church that the rights of the priesthood would be extended to all worthy male members. Nearly every major newspaper in the country carried the event as front page news and television and radio stations ran extensive coverage on the change in policy. Significantly the statement made the priesthood, church leadership, and the temple ceremonies available to blacks. On the tenth anniversary of this event, the impact and relation of blacks within the church can be seen to be a steadily developing process.

The decision had been awaited by members and general authorities of the church. At the time, President Spencer W. Kimball wrote, "He has heard our prayers, and by revelation has confirmed that the long-promised day has come when every faithful, worthy man in the Church may receive the holy priesthood..."

For most members the revelation was a relief from the auspices of racism and a time of joy. In *A Soul So Rebellious*, Mary Sturlaugson recounts: "That night I offered more thanks for the blessing that Father in Heaven had added to my life that day. Throughout the night I awakened and stared at the BYU newspaper headlines, 'Blacks Get Priesthood.' I kept praying that I wasn't dreaming." The church had been heavily criticized because of their previous policy concerning blacks, and the change brought a release of tension.

Not all reactions to the priesthood extension, however, were positive. BYU student Ryan Waymount recalls, "At the time I was living in Texas, and I just remember that in the South people were careful about how they responded. But vacationing in the West, it was shocking for me to hear some of my dad's friends making black Mormon jokes. These friends were nice people and everything, but they had a negative view on the blacks. It was kind of a revelation to me."

Richard Poulsen in his essay "Violence and the Sacred" elaborates on this phenomena: "While a 'universal elation' may have been expressed

among the Mormon intelligentsia, this elation was not expressed generally among the rank and file. On the contrary, narratives formed as jokes by the masses displayed and perpetrated a vicious cycle of biting, racially prejudiced invectives, statements levelled directly at the Black Brother."

While this type of commentary existed, the feelings among black members resembled the achievement of an expectation. Michael Frazier, a junior at BYU, commented "My family and I joined the church before the revelation of 1978. We knew what we were getting into and we had a lot of faith and thought that at some point the priesthood would be given to all. We were very excited and happy when the announcement was made."

"With the blessings of the priesthood came a great deal of responsibility. I remember it being comfortable to simply participate in the social aspect of the church."

With the possession of the priesthood, blacks have played an increasingly greater role in the history of the church in the past ten years. "The stereo types are still there," continued Frazier. "Once in Massachusetts a man that we tracted could not believe that I was a missionary for the Mormon church, which he thought did not treat blacks as humans. As the Church grows, the extension of the priesthood makes things a lot easier. It makes the Church appear to the outsider to be more broad-minded, universal, and sophisticated."

The announcement broadened the scope of an increasingly international church. In 1980 Elder Neal Maxwell stated, "With the priesthood revelation of June 1978, the Church received its authority to bestow all blessings on all of our Father's worthy children: Its undertakings can be universal." What used to be a deterrent to missionary work in certain areas was effectively eliminated and the result is an increasing black population within the church and growing influence in future decisions. Scott Kenney described this in *Sunstone* as "lifting the spiritual burden of racial discrimination from all Mormons worldwide. The Restoration is now truly universal in promise and appeal."

On June 8, BYU will host a symposium on Afro-American history in the LDS church. Director of the symposium, Allen Cherry described the purpose of the symposium as a presentation of the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of black Mormons. "What do you know about Elijah Abel?" he stated, "before the Oral History Project of 1985, there really was no documentation of blacks in the church. What we had was sketchy, we could identify a few names, but not the stories, the ups and downs. We would like to show the side of the people, and not strictly the European-American account. By investigating history, we learn more of who we are."

The keynote speaker of the symposium will be Elder Dallin H. Oaks who will be followed by a panel discussion. The concluding speaker will be James Walker, a noted genealogist and expert on black Americans. The presentations hope to increase awareness and encourage further investigation.

Another new area of the study of black culture is the LDS Missionary Training Center. Originator of the program, Keith Weaver stated: "The idea began after talking to several return missionaries who had served in regions with high black populations. They commented that they wished they would have known more about black culture before they went out. I wrote a letter about this to President Monson and eventually word got back to President Durrant." The first class occurred on the twentieth of May and is geared to straighten misconceptions and answer questions in a direct manner.

"We tell the missionaries not to ask if their investigators play basketball. It is important not to be caught in any patterns of stereotyping." Weaver continued, "Many blacks still see the Church as being racist although they may not know why. The challenge for the missionaries will be to resolve these problems and overcome any differences." Keith will soon be a part of this challenge as he has recently been called to a mission in Haiti.

Much of black integration in the Church can be seen on BYU campus. "My biggest worry is that blacks on campus tend to lose their identity," stated Weaver, "many do not know their history and feel they have to give up their background to be a member of the Church. Cultural diversity is a big advantage for the Church and should be encouraged." If the influence of blacks in the Church within the past ten years is an indication, this diversity is establishing a broader impact for Latter-day Saints.

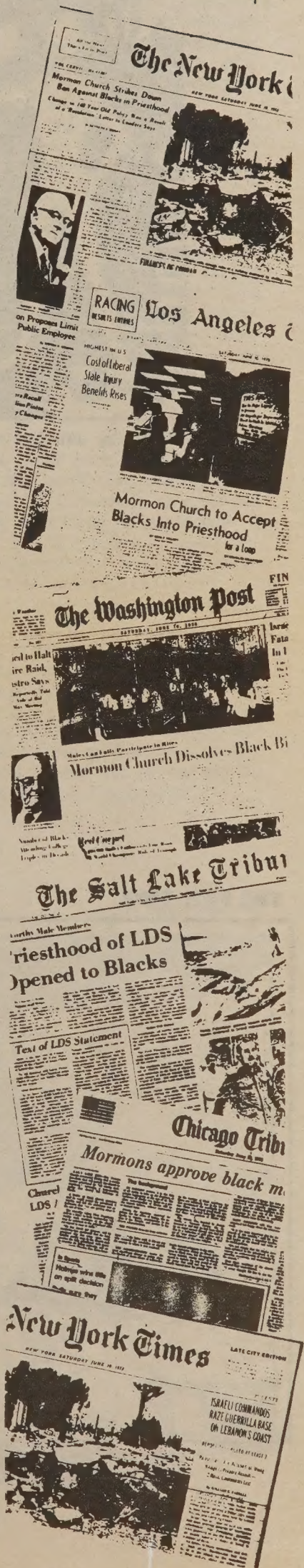
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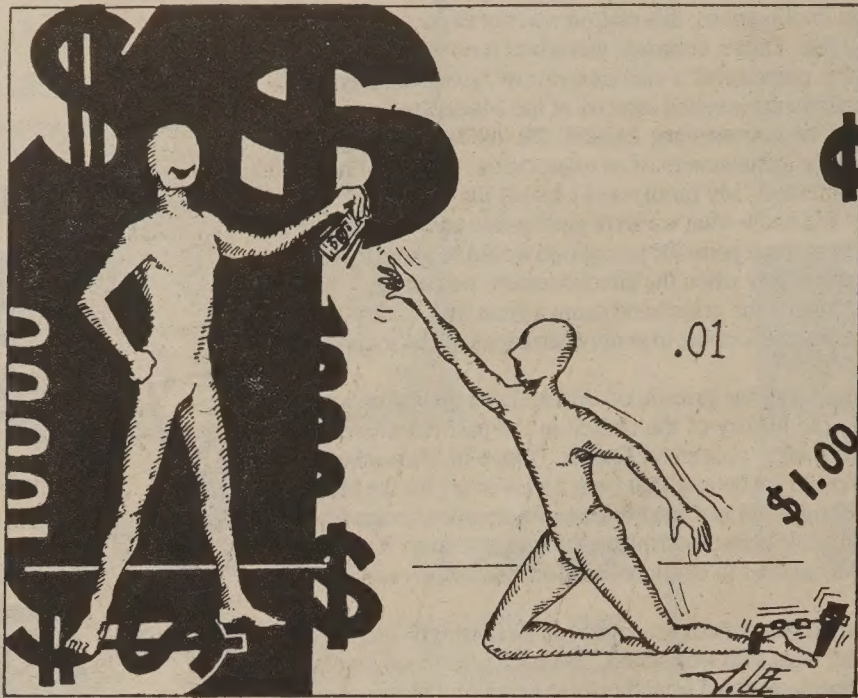
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June 8, 1988

Cutting the Apron Strings:

Financial aid independent status is hard to get — even for RMs.



SR art by Jeff Lee

by Scott Cromar

Every year the financial aid office is inundated by thousands of requests for financial aid. Because of the quantity of requests received, minor injustices are inevitable, but injustices affecting large portions of the BYU community also occur. Due to a quirk in the rules, many returned missionaries who are single and younger than 24 are ineligible for need-based financial aid.

John [not his real name, though he is really a BYU student] would fit most definitions of a needy student. Last semester he was unable to buy textbooks for two of his classes, and he couldn't go grocery

shopping for two weeks in May—he just didn't have the money. "I was just lucky that my friends left me their food when they went home for the summer," he said.

Like many other students at BYU, John cannot obtain need-based financial aid because the government considers him dependent upon his parents. Dependents have greater difficulties obtaining financial aid because the formulas used to assess a dependent's need include a parental contribution—even when the parents don't contribute to the student's education.

By most standards, John would be considered an independent. John's parents have not declared him as a dependent on their income tax returns since 1983, and they don't send money to help with his schooling. Since John is 23 years old, they consider him to be an adult and expect him to pay his own expenses.

Many single students under the age of 24 also find themselves unfairly labelled as dependents. To be considered an independent by the federal government, such a student must demonstrate both of the following: that he has made 4000 dollars each year since 1985 and has not been declared as a dependent on anyone else's income tax return since 1985.

This means that anyone who has been on a mission over this period does not qualify as an independent. Most missionaries make substantially less than 4,000 dollars per year.

Ford L. Stevenson of the BYU financial aid department noted that a student who is declared a dependent can still receive need-based aid. If the student's parents are not wealthy, the expected parental contribution might be low enough to allow the student to qualify for finan-

cial aid.

Stevenson also stated that the philosophy of both BYU and the federal government places the primary financial responsibility upon the student and his family, and then upon the government. A dependent will only receive need-based aid if his family is unable to provide the funds for his education.

When asked about parents who, like John's parents, do not choose to support their children, Stevenson said that the school and the government cannot be responsible for the actions of the parents. He also made the point that a parent's responsibility cannot be put aside out of the hope that the government will pick up the tab.

It is possible to have oneself declared an independent by the financial aid office. To do so, a student needs to submit a copy of his tax return, an itemized listing of his income and expenses, and a copy of his parents' tax return for 1985, 1986, and 1987. He must also submit a petition requesting that the parents' financial information not be included in the need analysis, together with documentation to verify the sources of funding for his mission.

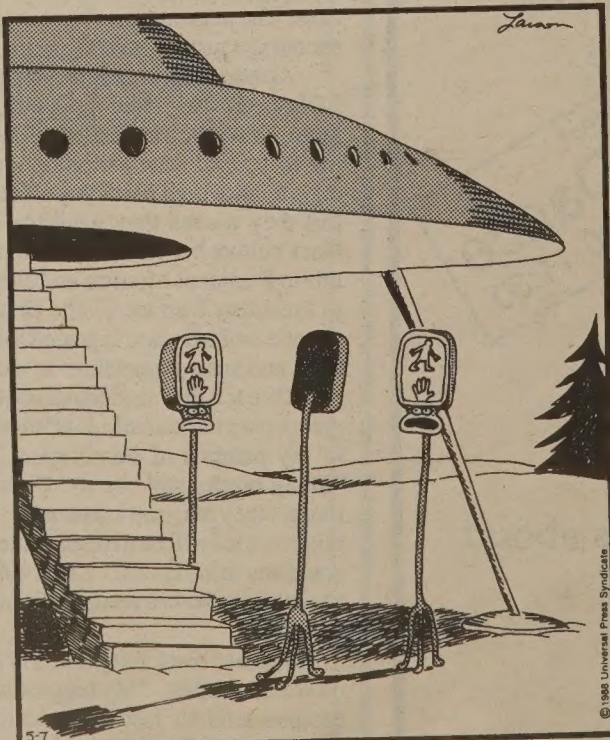
Each case is considered individually by the BYU Financial Aid Committee, but Stevenson thought that exceptions would only be granted for formal estrangements and cases where the student had clearly supported himself since 1985, making 4000 dollars each year. If the student's parents had supported him on his mission, then he would probably be ineligible.

Since John's parents helped support him on his mission, his petition would probably be denied. "I seem to slide through all the cracks," said John. Other students in John's position also find themselves caught in a tug of war between forces they cannot control.

THE FAR SIDE



Times and places never to insert your contact lens.



"Our people are positioned on every street corner, commander Shall we commence with our plan to gradually eliminate these creatures?"



Amidst congratulatory applause, Cindy leaves the group.

HUMAN RIGHTS: ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE?

by Mark Field

During recent human rights symposia, much of the discussion concentrated on practice—how we can become informed about and committed to protecting, advancing, and implementing human rights. Ultimately, participation and action are what is most important in this area of human relations. Nevertheless, there is also a theoretical side to the human rights issue that ought to be considered.

One reason why we should be concerned with theory is that it is a necessary precondition for any action. Moreover, a knowledge of the theory behind our beliefs and actions allows us to understand why we believe and act as we do. There is, however, an additional reason that is important not only with respect to the practical application of human rights, but also to the general field of normative ethics as well.

The articulation of a theory seems to be both a necessary and a sufficient condition for giving our beliefs and actions. This means, of course, that unless we provide a theory for our moral tenets, we are left without a public, rational justification for believing as we do. Whatever beliefs we do claim to have must be claimed arbitrarily. If this is the case, then it will be just as legitimate to reject a belief as it will be to accept it. From these few statements, three crucial implications follow: First, even though our own personal web of belief may include a commitment to human rights, we are without grounds for asserting that persons actually possess such rights; second, it follows from this statement that we are also precluded from declaring that others ought to accept our position on human rights. We cannot legitimately require others, as individuals or as nations, to assent to the principle that all people

should be treated with equal concern and respect. Finally, without a theoretical grounding for human rights, the possibility exists for affirming the belief that there are no limits to how a person may be treated. If this can be claimed, then for those organizations that accept such a conviction (e.g. those that are racist and sexist), abuse and oppression will be viewed as permissible ways of dealing with people in order to achieve some political, social, or religious end. We may, of course, criticize them for their ill-use of selected classes of humanity, but we are, in the end, without legitimate grounds for preventing their existence and, ultimately, their poor treatment of others. Without the understanding a theory of human rights would provide, it is possible for others to question our zeal in the cause of protecting and advancing these rights. The articulation of a theory, then, is imperative.

Can a moral framework be provided that justifies the existence and definition of human rights? Before we answer this question, I would like to point out one approach that is commonly appealed to, and yet is at least for the present unproductive. That approach is the one which appeals to God or some other such metaphysical category. To use supernatural premises in an argument for human rights is unfruitful because no one is rationally obliged to accept the proposition that God exists. Since this kind of premise is easily dismissed, this type of argument is useless outside of a common religious context (which no longer exists locally, nationally, or internationally). What is needed is an argument whose fundamental premises are either self-evident or, with some reflection, rationally undeniable. Such a justification would, on the one hand, compel people by reason, rather than force, to accept the claim that all persons have human rights. On the other

hand it would legitimize our use of coercion, if necessary to require others to treat people with equal concern and respect.

A number of contemporary political philosophers do furnish a grounding for human rights. This in itself, however, creates another, and more difficult, problem of justification. This second problem arises because alternative moral frameworks supply justifications that yield incompatible sets of human rights. For example, one theory may provide reasons for accepting a set of rights which include an absolute right to property, whereas another may exclude that right in favor of a right to minimal well-being. This can occur because these two claims are mutually exclusive—the acceptance of one entails the rejection of the other. The obvious implication is that we are once again placed in a situation where we must give reasons for choosing one theory or set of rights over another. When questions arise, even though we may be able to support our point of view by reasoning from some particular theory, without a final method for preferring one set of rights over another, the choice of foundations from which we argue must again be done arbitrarily. This means, ultimately, that our belief in a set of human rights will also be arbitrary and it will be just as legitimate to reject these rights as it will be to accept them. The basic problem, then, is that without a method for choosing among alternative (and incompatible) theories of human rights, all of the implications that were previously enumerated still remain with us.

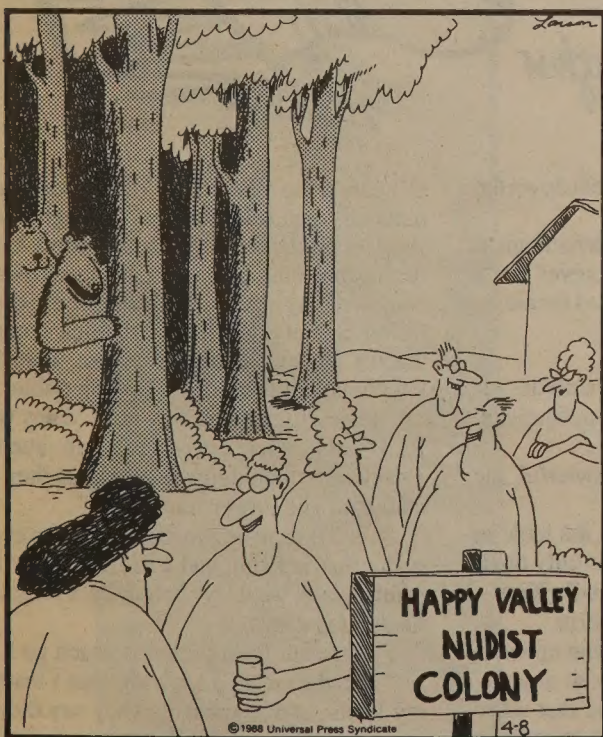
What can be done? On one level, unless we provide a theory, our belief in human rights is without grounds. But even if we do articulate a moral framework, we are then faced with a second-level problem of supplying a method by which we can choose among alternative justifications. And even if we do

solve the second-level difficulties, how can we be sure that there would not be a third-level problem, then a fourth, and a fifth, ad infinitum? If this were true, then our belief in human rights truly would be, in the ultimate sense, arbitrary and ungrounded. There may, however, be an answer.

It is clear that any solution to the problems we have considered requires that we situate ourselves in a position of neutrality from which we can then judge all competing theories. In one sense, though, this neutrality is simply impossible, for it would require that we deliberate from a point that is external to all theory. Since the possibility for judging itself requires a theory, in a situation of external neutrality we would have no basis upon which to make any judgments. The only apparent option is to articulate a method that would provide a standard for judgement that is presupposed by (and, therefore, acceptable to) all points of view. Such a method would constitute an internal neutrality from which we could then judge each theory on its own terms.

Is such a method or neutral standard possible? Perhaps this question could be considered in a future Human Rights Symposium. Although our lack of knowledge of the groundwork for human rights is not a justified reason for inaction, an understanding is, nevertheless, an essential tool in our attempts to persuade others to accept the position that all persons ought to be treated with equal concern and respect. It is a theoretical problem with obvious and important practical implications.

THE FAR SIDE



"Well, there goes my appetite."



"You know, it was supposed to be just a story about a little kid and a wolf ... but off and on, I've been dressing up as a grandmother ever since."

By GARY LARSON



Primitive fraternities

A perfect evening turns to disaster with

The Power Barf

by Eric D. Kleinman

Her name was Kim Harker. She was beautiful and had a nice personality. She was blonde, but not too dizzy. And I think she could tap dance (I had been told she could, but had never actually seen her do it). In short, she was subtly effervescent without being too bubbly.

I had been on a few dates with Kim and they had gone well. "Well" is an arbitrary term when referring to dates, but for me it meant that I had remembered to open her door and hadn't called her too many rude names.

My confidence had peaked; it was time for the all-important third date.

I asked Ken to double with me, not just

ironically, for its subdued atmosphere. And its fine cuisine—we ordered a Monster Cookie. It can be difficult to order a Monster Cookie and still look macho to your date, but Ken pulled it off without a hitch. I didn't dare attempt it; the evening was too important.

Our order came and we dug in. The first few minutes of eating were fine. I managed to carry on a reasonably intelligent conversation without dribbling chocolate sauce down my chin or spitting a chopped peanut at anyone while I spoke.

Then disaster struck.

My perfectly planned evening came unravelled with one seemingly innocuous comment from Ken. I don't even remember what it was, but it made me laugh just as I

previously-eaten portion of the Monster Cookie from the carpet. Ken and the girls were already outside.

When we got to the car I opened Kim's door—in the back of my mind I thought the evening might still be salvageable. I knew I was wrong when, once in the car, Kim broke into hysterical laughter and informed me, loudly, of the obvious.

"You Power Barfed!"

I tried to tell her that it had been planned as part of the evening's festivities, but my feeble excuse was lost in the others' merriment. My only hope was to try and let the incident die a quiet death.

A week later I was at Kim's house. Her mom said, "I hear you Power Barfed at Butch



because of his social *savoir faire*, but also because he happened to have a date with Michelle, Kim's best friend, for the same evening. Also, I knew that Michelle would then be in a position to call Ken and ask, "What does Eric think of that one Kim girl?" And of course, the phone call from the friend was a prerequisite to "going together."

Few of the dating ritual nuances eluded me. I sent Kim a flower the afternoon of the date and brushed my teeth 37 times. I had planned for every contingency.

I spent hours trying to look casual, with some little success—I was almost comatose I was so casual.

Date time arrived and we all departed—for a movie, I imagine. Don't confuse master planning with creativity. Kim looked radiant. She wore an angora sweater and didn't even sweat—no mean feat on a summer night in Arizona. (In light of this memory I'm sure she could tap dance.)

After the movie, predictably, we went out for a bite. We chose Butch O'Leary's,

took a drink. Inevitably, water went down the wrong pipe.

The exact cause of the physiological catastrophe that struck will forever be a mystery, but the cruel Fate planned for me by the gods is all too vivid.

I threw up.

I didn't Heave, or Toss My Cookies, or Lose My Lunch—nothing that euphemistic. I mean, I really lost it.

But, while the action was powerful, the reaction was even more so.

I turned rapidly away from the table to mask my *faux pas*, but it was painfully obvious to those at my table—especially Kim—that all was not right with my world.

I ran to the bathroom to clean up without a comment, gesture, or look at anyone; myriad spy novels had taught me that when an operation goes sour, it's best to remove yourself from the area immediately.

When I returned, all the people that had been seated at surrounding tables had been relocated and a bus boy was scrubbing my

O'Leary's the other night." I laughed good-naturedly and told her yes. Though I was flippant on the surface, deep inside I knew that my pre-mission dating career was over. I could hear my name being whispered in every Relief Society meeting for miles around: "Don't let your daughter go out with that Kleinman boy; he Power Barfs in public."

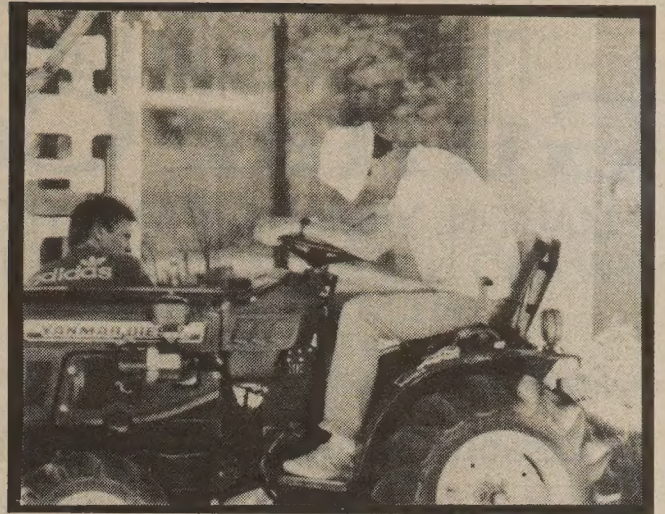
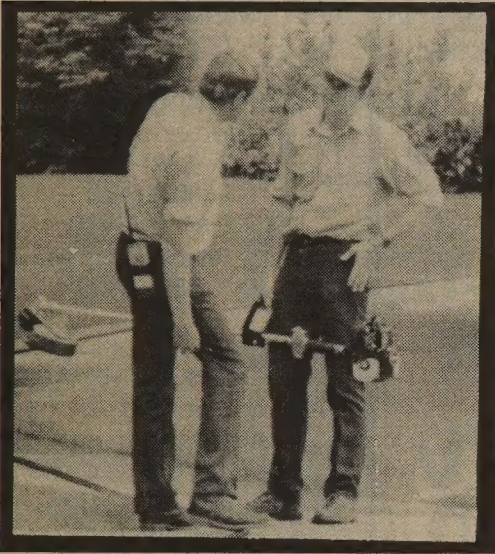
I tried to set up a few more dates with Kim—and other girls—but each attempt ended with them dying laughing as they recounted "The Power Barf Story."

Well, I went on a mission and Kim eventually married Jim, had a kid and moved to south Provo. And I've heard she's forgotten how to tap dance.

There but for a settled stomach go I.

It had exacted a high toll, but I learned my lesson about women: They say they're more concerned with what a man is *inside*, but when I showed a woman what I really *had* inside, it was over.

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"Athens Ga": 10:20	June 19; "Ironweed": 2:30
June 10-16; "Fantastic Planet": 5:20	June 24-30; "Ironweed": 5:10
"Jean Deflorette": 7:00	"Melo": 7:45
"Manon of Spring": 9:10	July 1-2; "Melo": 5:15
June 11-12; "Jean Deflorette": 1:00	"Red Monarch": 7:20, 9:10
"Manon of Spring": 3:10	
June 17-23; "Breathless": 5:15	
"Ironweed": 7:00	
"Pet Shop Boys": 9:40	

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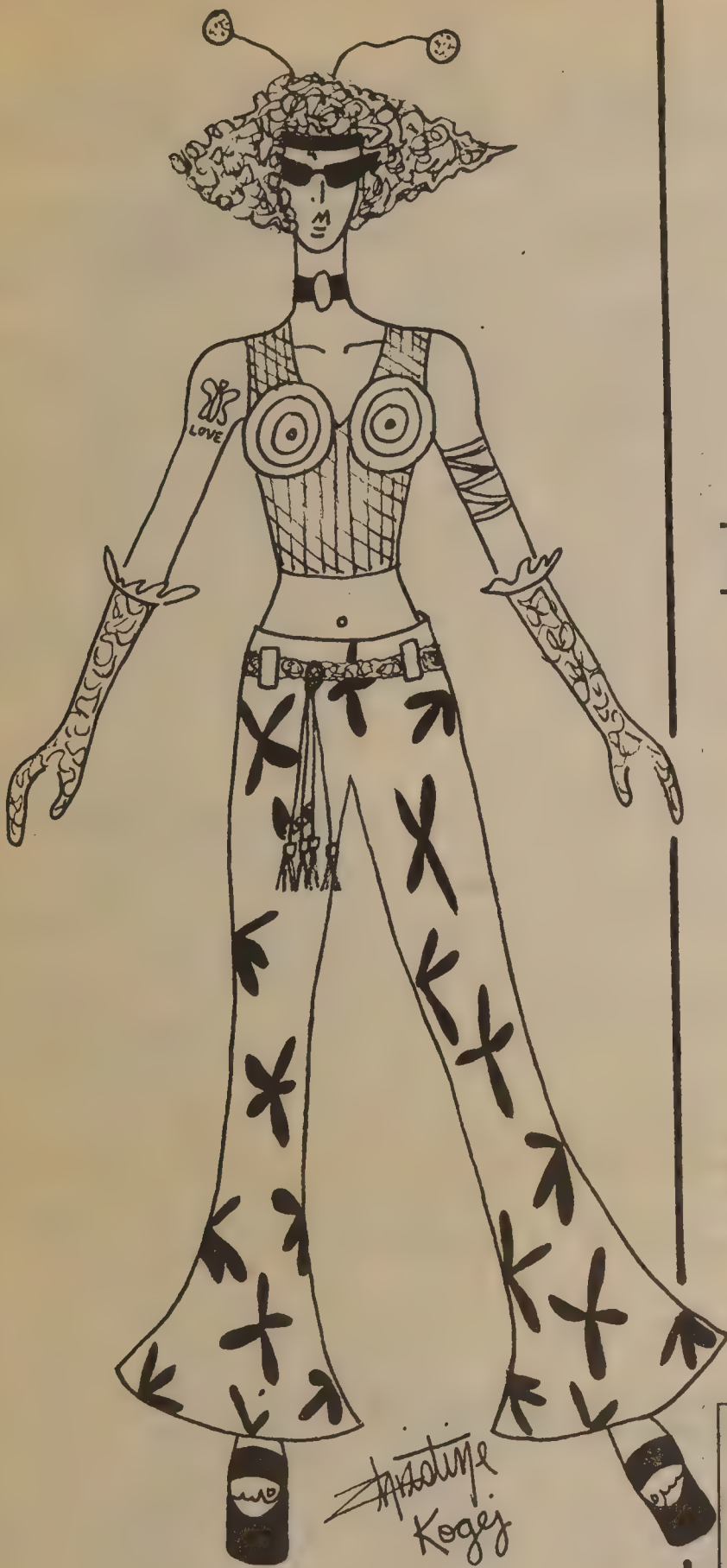
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The Fashion Police

by Spencer Dixon
and
Eric D. Kleinman

April 16, 1988—Beirut: Yassir Arafat's right-hand-man, Abu Jihad, is gunned down by unknown assassins. Jihad is mowed down by machine gun fire leaving over 167 bullets in his body—yet surprisingly his family is left unharmed. This murder is rumored to be the work of an Israeli assassination team, but no hard evidence comes forth.

March 30, 1988—Chicago: Presidential candidate and Illinois favorite son Paul Simon drops out of the running for undisclosed reasons. Some speculate that family obligations, financial troubles, and campaign fatigue are behind his decision. Yet some Simon insiders hint that these may not be the true concerns.

While these two seeming crimes of retribution appear to be unrelated, occurring thousands of miles apart and at opposite ends of the political spectrum, a strong connection does in fact exist. Throughout history many groups have banded together to monitor the progress of society in hopes of making the world safer for all mankind. Years of scrupulous research and a government-funded study have recently uncovered the existence of one such group. This group, for years thought only to be a folk-legend, has emerged as a dominant force on the world scene in nearly all areas of society. We're not speaking of the John Birch Society, the NAACP, the National Federation of Used Car Salesmen or even the ubiquitous BYUSA. We're speaking of the Fashion Police.

The Fashion Police is a group of highly trained, elitist, yet quasi-professional volunteers. Much like NFL officiating crews, they have other full-time careers and come from all walks of life: Frank the butcher, Joe the Geneva steelworker, LaVar the early-morning seminary teacher, Karl the European head-of-state, Cindy the babysitter. But what is their cause, what do they do?

The mission statement of the Fashion Police is to "eliminate not just poor fashion choices, but to punish those who blatantly disregard all fashion sense." More than just Glamour don'ts, the Fashion Police look for those who unashamedly display fashion risks. They "hunt, shoot, go after, chase, track, trail, stalk, seek, drive out, follow the trail of, search for, try to find, look high and low for, follow the scent of, turn everything upside down for, go in quest of, peer into every corner, explore, probe, inquire into, leave no stone unturned, or, quite simply, ferret out flagrant fashion faux pas."

While Mr. Simon's bow tie and Mr. Jihad's gingham tablecloth *kaffiyeh* evoked serious repercussions from the Fashion Police, it is certain that the organization's influence is often manifested in less violent, but nonetheless far-reaching ways.

With revelations about the group now out, the question rises, "How can I know whether I'm a target for the Fashion Police?" Well, it's not just a matter of specific clothes or fabrics—sometimes a dacron daredevil will escape punishment while a beer-bellied bureaucrat in polyester will get nailed every time. People like Charles Karault and Tom Kalunki can wear Paul Simon-esque wardrobes, but neither Frank Layden nor Sting could successfully don a bow tie. It's imperative to grasp the fashion nuances.

But how do you know what you can safely wear? First of all, get color-analyzed: are you a spring or a fall? Should you wear warm or cool colors? Secondly, dress for success. Accountants shouldn't wear overalls anymore than a horticulturist should wear a business suit. And of course, pedestrians should never wear black at night. High school administrators should wear green or red polyester with white patterned-leather shoes. K-Mart managers can wear anything as long as it includes a wide tie and a pen-holder pocket insert that says "Thank you for shopping our K-Mart." And finally, the most important course of action is to be aware and cautious. The Fashion Police are out there. They're real, and they're watching you.

*Eric likes plaid and Spencer likes stripes.
They try not to be seen together.*

Top 20 Fashion Felons

BYU Crossing Guards
Monty Hall
BYU Folk Dancers
Reuben Kinkaid
John Travolta
Cher
Brian Bosworth
Cyndi Lauper
Manuel Noriega
Gerald
Lynette Toronto
John the Baptist
Fidel Castro
The Cast of *Star Trek*
Korihor
Jon Bon Jovi
Cougarettes
Mr. Mac
Hugh Nibley
Imelda Marcos

Past Examples of Fashion Police Purges

- Dinosaurs become extinct.
- Babylon is hired to take Israel captive.
- Aztec culture mysteriously vanishes.
- Amelia Earhart
- Donnie & Marie show is cancelled.
- Frank Arnold is forced to leave BYU.
- Jimmy Hoffa.
- Mormon settlers driven out of Missouri.
- Jonestown massacre made to look like suicide.
- USS Titanic supposedly hits an iceberg.

The De-Klein of Western Civilization

by Shawn C. Lynn

Earlier this month the makers of Johnny Walker whiskey launched a new advertising campaign in several national magazines. The ad features two lissome females padding aerobically across a grey beach in their bare feet, the silent foam swallowing their footprints. Their bodies are toned and tanned. Their skin is flawless. One of the women wears a smart red and blue ensemble, her pert buttocks mocking the camera. The other is in a similar bikini-like exercise tog, but has a wristwatch strapped to her bicep (apparently she is anatomically dyslexic). As we join them, the bicep woman has turned her unblemished visage to her jogging companion and has announced: "He loves my mind. And he drinks Johnny Walker."

Of course, the first obvious question is: How does she tell time? In order to see the face of the watch you would have to lift up your arm and stick your nose right in your armpit. Unpleasant, even if you haven't been "padding aerobically." The next obvious question has to do with the Johnny Walker slogan, "Good taste is always an asset", and the choice of a rear view for the photograph. But finally you get to the big question: **JUST WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE TRYING TO KID?**

Are these women pouring over books in a research library? Are they huddled over a microscope probing the mysteries of genetic science? Are they debating social and economic issues at a Third World Symposium? Talk of the mind, but give the public tush.

In fact, it seems that you can't look through any magazine today without running across an ad with some nubile wench with an exposed torso arching her back as she's drinking mineral water, or some Adonis in a Speedo flexing a granite chest while discussing mutual funds with an associate. Advertisers insist that they are simply tuned in to America's increased awareness of fitness. But what started in the early 80's as "body consciousness" has turned into some sort of "carnal obsession." And speaking of obsession...

No one has cashed in on this new societal narcissism better than Calvin Klein. In 1982, he rased a forty-five foot idol high above Times Squire and nobody even

blinked...they were too busy staring. Hands pressed against his thighs, head back, eyes closed, this bronzed god in jockey shorts signalled the start of a new age of body worship. An age in which Mr. Klein is flourishing.

Perhaps every male in America has, seared into his brain, a vivid picture of one of the first Obsession cologne ads. It featured a number of bodies, some obviously female, draped in an anatomical jigsaw puzzle. You could spend hours trying to figure out where a thigh ended and a torso began. A more recent Obsession ad featured a number of nude figues (male and female) lolling about on white monoliths draped with sheets (the monlihts were draped with sheets, not the nude figures), their tawny skin almost shinig in the sun.

But what were these ads trying to tell us? Were we to believe that these women had swooned at the smell of Obsession, disrobing as they fell to the ground? Why were those peole standing around buck naked? Is the true fragrance of Obsession only appparent when you are when you are freed from the restrictions of clothing? And if that is true, what should we do with our now useless Calvin Klein underwear? Actually, the point is that there really was no point. Calvin had simply learned that flesh sells.

You'll notice I didn't say that sex sells. The frightening thing is not that the ads are sexual, but that they are asexual or omnisexual. In most of the ads it makes little difference whether the flesh is male or female. It is the flesh that is important. And the men that are in the ads are alarmingly androgynous. High cheekbones, flawless, ruddy complexions, total lack of facial hair (or any other seconday sex characteristics, for that matter), lithe, sculpted bodies. These guys are more pretty than handsome.

But perhaps the most frightening thing in these ads is that Calvin Klein has created a world inhabited by people without blemish, where every person is the picture of physical perfection.

The other day I ran across an ad for Calvin Klein Sport in a magazine. It featured a group of friends enjoying a lawn party on an estate of some kind. A large number of the group either had no shirts or had their shirts unbuttoned providing an ample amount of bare torso and chest (there must be some minimum requirement in these ads). As hard as I looked I couldn't find a single physical blemish on these people. No

acne scars, nothing. Then I noticed one guy lying on the grass in front of everyone else. He had his shirt off revealing a tanned and chiselled chest and it struck me that this guy had polished nipples. I'm serious...polished nipples. It was as if this guy had rubbed Armor-All on his chest.

I sat there blinking for a while not knowing exactly what to think, but I finally came to the conclusion that we must be very near the end of the world. You see, in Calvin's world only "the beautiful people" need apply. He has created an exclusive club of gods and goddesses whose only requirement in this world is to pose. But what may have once been a clever marketing strategy has become an alarming reflection of our own society's attitudes and beliefs. Are we becoming a world where a man is judged by his polished nipples? Where physical appearance has finally eclipsed all other criteria when calculating a person's worth? Where the plain, the overweight, and the socially awkward need not apply for acceptance. Who needs them ruining the picture? After all, what are the really important things in life?

Calvin votes for polished nipples.

For Inquiring Minds

Summit Squabbles

In effort to put to rest rumors about a personality clash between Nancy Reagan and Raisa Gorbachev, the two First Ladies held hands while touring the Soviet Capitol during last week's summit. Sources in Washington also learned that further efforts toward understanding resulted in the Reagans and the Gorbachevs participating in a Scrabble® game after the two couples attended the Bolshoi ballet together. Tragically, the game ended abruptly when Pres. Reagan accused Mrs. Gorbachev of cheating on a triple word score when interpereters told Reagan the Soviet first lady claimed that "Refusenicks" was the equivalent of "Bo Jackson" in English. The Pres. balked, saying that proper names were illegal. The disput was settled, however, when Nancy challenged Raisa to a leg-wrassling contest and won two out of three falls.

Top 20

1. The Reagan-Gorbachev summit
2. Special Olympics
3. Richard Bach
4. Las Vegas buffets
5. Mrs. Gromyko's earth tones
6. Provo's new rubbish receptacles
7. Spouse dates
8. Any date
9. Reliability
10. Dr. Koop's AIDS info pamphlet
11. Mahonri Moriancumr
12. ELWC Word Center employees
13. Cyrano de Bergerac
14. Dvorak
15. Utah Lake ducks and drakes
16. Notre Dame
17. Canyon Cabins
18. Holland's indoor shades
19. Citizen Kane
20. Good vibes

Bottom 10

Ronnie's jetlag, Utah heatstroke, Nancy's Moscow faux pas, Jealousy, Shattered contacts, Telephone solicitors, Solipsism, Collectivism, Bad vibes, and Utahns' mispronunciation of the word "height" ("heighth").

Eavesdroppings...

Oh, to be in Provo in the summertime. Green trees, beautiful flowers, Mall Bandits on skateboards, F-dudes in county utility trucks at Kiwanis, and open apartment windows at night—with conversations wafting out into the warm evening air. Oh, I suppose that the average night stroller goes generally unmolested by these words, spoken so uninhibitedly. But for those who loiter by such open windows—like me—a world of supposedly private verbal delights can be heard. Ah, wilderness! Here's what the Eavesdropper heard this month:

400 N. block of 200 E., May 18, 11:43 pm.

Swarthy Guy in leather: "If I had known this term was going to be like this I would have spent my \$400.00 on a guitar and been much happier."

Condo Row, May 24, 10:32 pm.

Jilted Girl: "I can't believe it! His mom knows who I am, but when I called for him she says, 'Oh, is this Megan?' Who the hell's Megan!?"

ELWC 2nd floor, May 16, 4:05 pm.

1st Janitor: "Don't you just love spring/summer here?"
2nd Janitor: "Yeah, I guess, but as soon as you get the students out of here all those kids from Tooele and Farmington are in here for EFY."

3rd Janitor: "Hey, I don't mind. Some of those country girls are cute—and gullible, you know?"

University Mall, May 15, 5:13 pm.

Incredulous Girl: "Yeah, that one's nice, but come look at this one over here."

Did you ever see a diamond that big? It's huge!"

Casual Guy: "Oh yeah. My brother's first fiancé had a ring about that size."

Walkway merging JK11B and 11BLL, May 25, 3:34 pm.

Unfat Tan Girl: "Did you see her—she's fat. She is fat."

Self-Cute Girl: "And she is *not* cute at all—she's not."

Enclave, May 13, 6:28 pm.

Dizzy Chick: "I'm sure—I'm not gonna have any time to do fun stuff this summer. I have to take American Heritage and find a job. What a bummer. Maybe I should just go home for the summer."

Quasi-interested Guy: "Where you from?"

Dizzy Chick: "Provo."

Kimball Tower Walkway, June 2, 9:22 am.

Miss Curious: "How'd you do on your Stats test?"

Miss Bold: "OK—I sat by John and cheated."

Miss Curious: "So what'd you get?"

Miss Bold: "D+."

Attached to the Rock

by Jill Eckenfelder

"As the hand held before the eye conceals the greatest mountain, so the earthly life hides from the glance the enormous lights and mysteries of which the world is full, and he who can draw it away from before his eyes, as one draws away a hand, beholds the great shining of the inner worlds."

-RABBI NACHMANN

Today I climbed a rock, purple in the shadows of the noonday sun. My rope and my climbing partner faded away and I was there alone. My eyes measured every hand-hold,

every crystal, every degree and my mind calculated balance and weight distribution. I spoke to my muscles and listened as they answered. I know them all and the language they speak. It is a give and take relationship we have, my body and I.

Looking at the rock I wonder if it breathes. It has so much life. And I discipline my body to flow with that life. I don't fight it, I don't try to conquer it, and I try not to take it for granted. There is something so simple about it, so personal. Is it fear? Does it mean you're brave if you face fear or that you're too scared to turn your back on it? The worst thing to do when a snake is about to strike is to turn and run. Like a humble subject leaving the presence of his king, you nod your head in respect and slowly step away, never turning your back. And so it is with the rock.

I feel a certain attachment to the rock. I love the way it smells like sun and rain. I love the way it cools my skin when I press my cheek against it reaching for the next hand-hold. Many non-Western cultures believe that inanimate objects, like rocks, have spirits. I do too. Sometimes when I'm climbing I can't help but think that the rock I and I had the same creator and we are essentially made of the same elements.

My body moves—fluidly, upwards—and the sky receives me. I am gently aware. My body strains against gravity and my mind against vertigo. Somehow the whole world has shrunk down to one piece of rock but at the same time I can't see the beginning or the end. I concentrate on my breathing, slow and easy and soon my body is relaxing and moving in a rhythm all its own. There is no music except the voice of a bird, but I am

dancing and the rock is my partner.

Usually when I tell people I'm a rock climber they picture me in a pair of heavy leather hiking boots walking up a rock staircase to the top of a mountain with a pretty view. After an explanation, that I climb vertical and sometimes overhung rock, their jaws drop and the questions start flowing out. "What happens if you fall?" "Don't you ever get scared?" Well, the answers are: I use a rope with some one on the other end and of course I get scared sometimes.

Down here in the valley we look up at the mountains, and some of us only imagine what happens up there while others of us are doing it. What's the difference? Well, yes, motivation, but an even bigger problem for some people is how to get started. All you need to start climbing is a lot of desire, a little common sense for safety, maybe some tight-fitting sneakers, and a friend. The specialized shoes and high-tech climbing equipment comes later.

The closest place to climb is Rock Canyon. If you have a reliable car, Cottonwood Canyon in Salt Lake has some beautiful rock. And if you really want to take a trip there is always Yosemite and Joshua Tree in California or the Shawangunks in New York.

Caution is the name of the game as a beginning climber. Every year some inexperienced pedestrian who thinks he or she is a climber dies in Rock Canyon. Instruction of some kind is mandatory. The equipment used in this sport is simple but life-saving if used correctly. And even the pros don't climb without it, unless they are either familiar with the rock or climbing far below their level.

Getting into it...

Taking lessons from Hansen's Mountaineering in Orem is a possibility. But for thirty-five dollars an hour per private lesson or for twenty-five dollar per a group lesson you could buy half the equipment you would need once you really got into the sport. Taking a climbing class at BYU is a good introduction and it doesn't cost anything if you are already a student, but you are still missing something integral—social ties.

Climbing is a social sport, believe it or not. You are dependant upon who you climb with. And it is important for a beginning climber to meet other climbers—experienced climbers and slowly, painfully work his or her way into their ranks. Of course you have to show some climbing ability to be accepted, but the most important requirement is just being a nice person.

For the most part, if you run across a climber in Rock Canyon, for example, he or she will be friendly and informative. However, there are a few who recognize themselves as being a little higher on the rock than the rest of us. These climbers can often be identified by loud colors and loud voices and are probably best avoided.

So, go up to Rock Canyon some day. Smile and ask polite questions. Watch. Climb around on the boulders, but don't try anything stupid. And don't step on anyone else's rope.

Arts & Leisure



Douglas Alder
President of Dixie College
Professor of History

SALAMANDER

Linda Sillitoe and Allen J. Roberts,
with a Forensic Analysis by George J. Throckmorton.

The highly anticipated book on the Mark Hofmann forgeries is selling briskly in Utah bookstores and even promises to make a dint in the national market. Once more Utah will be seen as "that peculiar place." This bizarre event that included salamanders, clandestine document deals, bomb murders, FBI forgery tests and a plea bargain will likely take its place along with Gary Gilmore, the Lafferty brothers, the Hi-Fi murders and the Singer sieges in a catalog of sensational oddities that seem to congregate in the otherwise peaceful state. The rest of the nation will be perplexed, asking what underlies the usual domestic tranquility in Utah.

Does this book, the Rocky Mountain version of Woodward and Bernstein, shed any light on why Mormonism seems to have more than its share of sensational scams? Does it explain why the most respected elements in the society—scholars, religious leaders, bankers, police, investment specialists, bookdealers—were duped?

Linda Sillitoe and Allen J. Roberts have proven to be deft detectives and cogent writers. They have sifted through the rooms full of evidence, interviewed the numerous scholars who study Mormon history, pitted the competing investigators against each other, sounded out the victimized friends and families and customers, to construct an impelling narrative. Though the authors were competing with two other writing teams who hoped to beat them into print, they do not appear to have been rushed. In fact, their study will be the standard by which the others will be measured. Naturally they missed some details among the thousands available and naturally many of the participants will object to how they are portrayed in the book. Some people who could have been interviewed were not; nonetheless, the book achieves a remarkable balance.

But does the reader gain an understanding of the larger causal issues? The authors have wisely chosen to avoid didacticism. It is even hard to decide exactly what their thesis is; they avoid editorializing. Nonetheless, one's mind races to the analysis while reading the suspense story. First off, it becomes obvious that Mormonism is ill-prepared to deal with deceit. Whether we are incurably optimistic or just unwilling to be skeptical, it is clear that most everyone involved did not want to think suspiciously about the possibility of forgery. Mark Hofmann was disarming—clean cut, never in trouble with the law, active LDS, self-effacing and patient. No one wanted to be advised by Sandra and Gerald Tanner, who sounded warnings early on. The brilliantly-executed deceit that Hofmann perpetrated was too systematic, too cautiously built, document by document, to trigger the kind of questioning that historians and attorneys and investors are supposed to live by. That ecclesiastics would be trusting is no surprise, but even the police, with two important exceptions, Gerry D'Elia and George J. Throckmorton, were hesitant to settle on forgery. So Mormons come out of this disaster having to ask if the naive trust that so permeates the society is a liability.

Another point the authors stress is that partisans of Mormonism were so wrapped up in the issues that they could not think as independently as one policeman who knew absolutely nothing about the faith. What does that tell us about our ability to be tough-minded? That was the case in the police departments of Salt Lake City and county. Yet they were not alone. The FBI was fooled too. And when Hofmann passed a lie detector test, the public began to see him as an abused victim instead of the calculating conspirator.

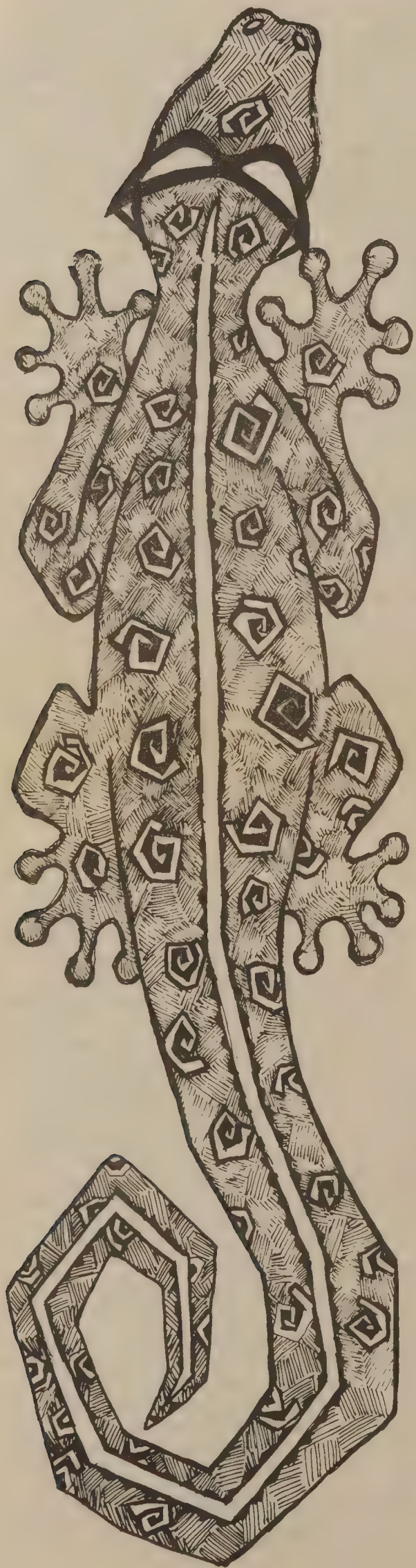
Most readers will want to test the authors by how they portray the LDS Church leaders, especially Elders Hugh

Pinnock, Dallin Oaks and President Gordon B. Hinckley. How people react to the narrative will likely tell us more about the people than about the events. Many go into the book hoping to castigate "the Brethren" for not being able to use their inspiration to ferret out a criminal on contact. To use a leader's "dupability" as a reason for diminished faith is searching for an excuse. On the other hand some readers will be infuriated because the authors treat the General Authorities as normal human beings. They are in fact critical of the leaders' attempts to suppress documents. Many readers will churn about motives that would lock the supposed McClellin collection away from view. Hopefully those readers will also remember the documents, both disturbing and congratulatory, that the leaders made public.

From the day that I first saw the photocopy of the Anthon Manuscript in Jeff Simmonds' office at USU, I have followed this story intently. I attended the Mormon History Association meetings about the Salamander document and the Joseph Smith III blessing and the Lucy Smith letter. My chance to know Mark Hofmann as a student and my association with Ron Walker, Dean Jessee, Jan Shipp, Leonard Arrington and Jim Allen heightened my interest. All of this causes me to reflect on the scholars' culpability and to welcome this balanced account.

I have concluded that we scholars talked ourselves into a major blunder, one for which we were vulnerable. Mark Hofmann's association with us made him aware of our soft spot. We historians were not as guilty as investors who blithely hinted to Mark about the documents they would love to own and then were uncritical when he soon produced them (without good explanation of provenance). But we historians were so convinced of the credibility of our professional methodology, so intent on following the path where sound documentation led us, that when Mark Hofmann produced his bevy of sensational manuscripts, we were determined to let the chips fall where they may if the documents were genuine. We refused to be apologists or to suppress data. We were right in that. But we tuned out mavericks who refused to come out of security and debate the issue. We failed to check the credentials of Kenneth Rendell, that respected New York authenticator. We, like everyone else, were impressed by the FBI, the lie detector test, the insights of the best people available. We historians were convinced by professional authority like those who followed when Trevor-Roper accepted the Hitler diaries. It is all understandable, but we have egg on our faces.

We will likely use the proceedings of the post-hoc BYU Symposium organized by Ron Esplin and the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History as a textbook for training our graduate students in how to authenticate documents. Our hindsight will be valuable but we will always be somewhat suspect because we were duped, in a highly sophisticated way. We can't completely avoid the comparison with so many in Utah who have been fooled by mine schemes, real estate investments, multi-level promoters, diamond dealers and health food fadists. What is it in us that makes us so vulnerable? The authors do not preach on the matter but they make it clear that the problem is not just with the little people. This one penetrated to the very top of the society and leaves us all tempted to abandon trust. We will not do it. We will not turn to cynicism. But we will have to re-examine our spiritual instructions ("prove all things; hold fast that which is good") and our professional methodologies whether as scholars, loan officers, document dealers, or customers ("let the buyer beware").



The Story of the Mormon Forgery Murders

1988. Signature Books: Salt Lake City, Utah.

xiii + 566pp. \$17.95.

Louis Midgely
Professor of Political Science,
Brigham Young University

The dust cover of *Salamander* signals its controlling perspective. Carl Arrington—the name Arrington has a certain authoritative ring about it—informs the readers of *Salamander* to expect an account that “reveals a sad parable of the treacherous web of deceit that unfolds when a people refuse to deal honestly with their own history.” It was, from such a perspective, the deceitful Church that somehow gave rise to forgery, fraud, and murder. Linda Sillitoe follows up on this observation by reporting that during the decade of the seventies a “loosely knit group” of scholars, which had been labelled “a Camelot for historians,” had “carried on what was being called the ‘new Mormon history’.” The authors of *Salamander* see themselves as spiritually linked to that group. As this so-called “new history” began to appear, “some ranking church officials feared that more objective or critical accounts might shake the faith of the weak, and tremors began running through Camelot” as the Brethren began to be concerned about revisionist history. According to *Salamander*, “the focus of many new Mormon historians” was the “controversial ‘Joseph Smith story’ that began a church.” It is not surprising to find that the good people in these tales of Hofmann are those who, like Steven Christensen, “saw the new Mormon history as an indispensable part of the ongoing search for truth.” That bias also forms the perspective of *Salamander*. Among all the interesting side issues in the Hofmann case, including the wanton murder of two people, the core issue concerns his role in manufacturing documents that supported revisionist history.

Salamander is thus a needed apology for the activities and perspective of a certain wing of the Mormon History Club. To be more precise, Hofmann’s fall created a need in the underground that feeds on Mormon history for a seemingly authoritative account that would somehow vindicate the views that have recently become fashionable about the Mormon past and the contemporary Church. It seems that historical accounts, whatever other possible reasons may stand behind their production, provide what Henry Steele Commager once called “a useable past.” Hence, it is not surprising that *Salamander* pictures the activities of a powerful and secretive Church, which rests the faith of the Saints on dubious stories, as the fundamental issue. It is also clear why it pictures Church leaders, especially Elder Gordon B. Hinckley, as liars. That word is used to describe Elder Hinckley, though it is not used to describe the words and deeds of someone as unsavory as Lyn Jacobs, who is pictured as a wholesome divinity school student who was merely befuddled by Hofmann’s duplicity.

The authors of *Salamander*, one a journalist and the other a licensed architect and part of the network of people who dabble in revisionist Mormon history, have offered an account of the labyrinthine affairs of Hofmann; whatever they could piece together concerning his background, his activities leading up to the spectacular bombings, the subsequent police investigations, the extraordinary discovery that he had been involved with the forgery and counterfeiting a large number of items, and the negotiations that eventually led to his confession and incarceration. The book also offers sympathetic if not always convincing, portraits of the victims of Hofmann’s bombs: Steven Christensen, Kathleen Sheets, and their families.

Sillitoe and Roberts milk the dramatic elements from the events that surround Mark Hofmann. The book was fashioned with an eye toward filling the seemingly inexhaustible appetite for insider gossip about Mormon things that seems to fascinate a portion of the reading public. Will it next become the basis for a script for a TV

series? Whatever its flaws, *Salamander* is engrossing reading, especially if one has an urge to try to sort out the confusion that originally appeared in the press about Hofmann and his activities. And it provides information not previously available. Sillitoe, for example turned up an old girl-

friend of Hofmann’s and without revealing her real name, reports some interesting, and, if true, important clues about his intellectual development. Reminiscences of his youthful associates and missionary companions are also represented. However, one wonders how far to trust such materials.

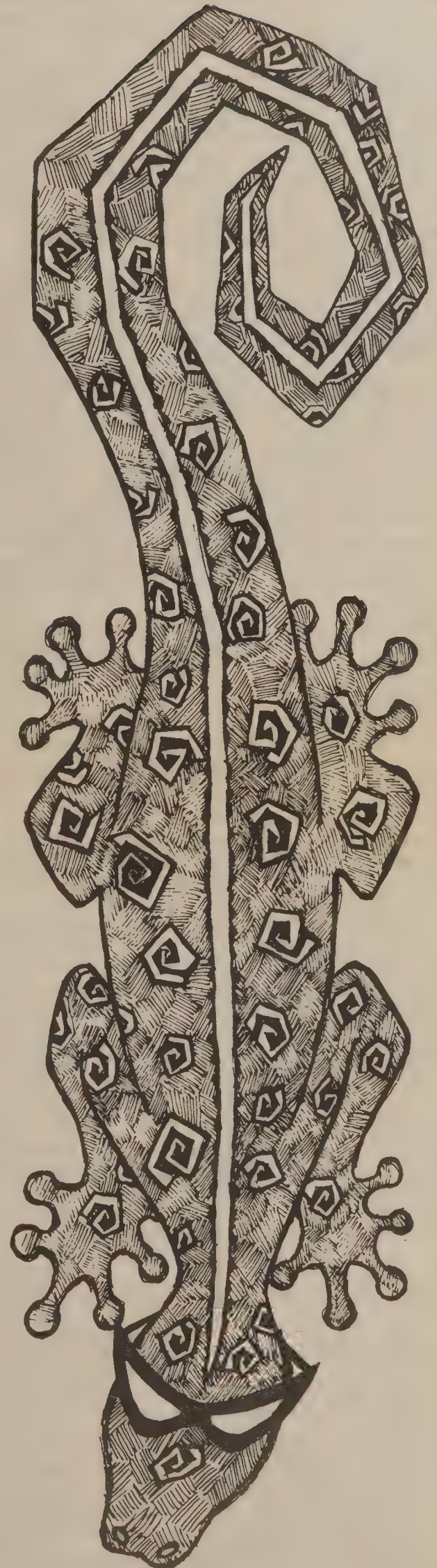
Some issues are passed over lightly, and a number of things are missing from *Salamander*. No comprehensive list of Hofmann’s associates is provided. And even when names do appear there is little probing of those relationships. The ideology of his associates, even when they are named, is not examined in detail. It would have been useful, for example, to have revealed the relationship between the anti-Mormon material circulating under the name “Paul Pry, Jr.” and Mark Hofmann. Sillitoe seems to have included the real name of the author of that material in the list of people she interviewed. All that sort of thing has to be a part of the total picture.

Also absent in *Salamander* is the role of the press in the whole affair. Sharing somewhat the general perspective of fashionable revisionist history, the blatant anti-Mormon bias of many journalists fed the appetite of the public for what Elder Oaks has called “Mormon bashing.” One could hardly expect the kind of critical distance in a journalist that would have been necessary to tell the truth about the bias of the press and the role it played in the Hofmann drama. To have included that kind of analysis would have helped explain some of the secrecy with which Church authorities have had to deal with certain sensitive matters. From the perspective of *Salamander*, the Church is in the business of hiding things, especially unseemly things about its past, presumably because the truth would damage the faith.

That *Salamander* will carry the bias of something approaching yellow journalism is obvious from certain of the blurbs on the dust cover. Peter Wiley, a co-author with Robert Gottlieb of the notorious muck-raking exposé entitled *America’s Saints: The Rise of Mormon Power* promotes *Salamander*. Sillitoe boasts that Wiley was there with “his insightful suggestions, draft by draft.” *Salamander* turns out to be slick journalism cast in the style and form of a historical novel.

In spite of its biases and flaws, *Salamander* provides some interesting details about the Hofmann Affair. For example, a fascinating picture of the police and the legal profession at work is provided. The story of the solving of the crime and the discovery of the forgeries is enthralling. It is, among other things an extraordinary story of both competence and incompetence, and especially of ambition, and rivalry. At every level, Mormon and non-Mormon, tastes and biases appear and collide.

The book, however, simply does not conform to the canons of historical scholarship. It is a disappointing work. The narrative style is quite unlike that appropriate to competent and sober history. The book is vulgar and self-consciously dramatic. The style is more that of the historical or semi-historical novel. Like fiction generally, *Salamander* has a story-line and a point of view. But, unlike competent history, it presents the perspective of its authors without an indication of how they arrived at their conclusions. It tells a story, but nowhere does it weigh or assess possibilities. There are no overt indications of how its authors relate evidence to conclusions. Sillitoe never provides a clue about the sources that are being relied upon or quoted. There is not a single source cited for any quotation or to back up any evidence. No one would complain at finding dialogue in a work of fiction placed within quotation marks, and no one faults a writer of fiction for making up dialogues. But *Salamander* is offered to us as an attempt at serious history. Sillitoe, relying more on the techniques of the novelist or approaching the style of the tabloid, put quotation marks



Salamander from page 15

around language for which there is no written source, other than perhaps their own notes from the "interviews" they conducted. Sillitoe admits that much of what is quoted is not reported verbatim. The authors did not rely upon written sources for much of what appears within quotation marks, but presumably upon what people, often years later, may have remembered. In an attempt to give these tales of Hofmann a popular appeal, its authors have been irresponsible.

Sillitoe and Roberts list the many people who provided information for their book, but they do not indicate exactly what their sources might have told them. The reader has no way of knowing whether these sources were interviewed in such a way that reasonably accurate notes, if not full transcripts, were made. We are not told how many times or under what conditions "interviews" were held, or whether what are claimed to be interviews sometimes merely consisted of brief phone conversations. If this book were truly competent history, it would cite the sources of the information upon which the narrative is made to rest, and it would also cite documents where available.

For some reason the authors seems anxious to protect certain people. Why are we not allowed to know the real name of the dealer in Americana? And after mentioning in three places that Shannon Flynn and Hofmann went to visit a "Mormon history buff" on the night before the murders, we are not told who that person was. Though the authors mention in one place that rumors circulated about Hofmann being linked to "a ring of homosexual Mormons intent on discrediting the church," they brush that and similar matters aside. For whatever reasons, the authors are not detailed in describing the background or activities of people who form the Mormon underground. It is instructive to compare the way that such people are treated in *Salamander* with the harsh judgments directed against the Brethren. The moral rebukes contained in this book are subtly directed at the Church and its leaders, and not at shadowy figures on the fringes of the Church, greedy or corrupt businessmen and investors, sly document dealers, cynical or jaded policemen, quarreling and ambitious and attention-loving attorneys and revisionist historians, or incompetent and biased journalists.

In the end, Sillitoe and Roberts are left with the task of explaining how a rather ordinary, though reasonably able, somewhat shy returned missionary could have gotten himself into such a terrible mess. When they are through doing whatever is necessary to salvage revisionist history, they must ignore the signs of vanity and narcissism that might help account for some of Hofmann's behavior. Instead, they try to paint Hofmann as a victim of a pathological disorder, rather than a monumental exemplar of his own moral failure. They claim that Hofmann is a sociopath. But without experience in such matters, and apparently without a firm grounding in the relevant literature, Sillitoe brushes aside the views of Dr. Robert Howell, who she did not formally interview. Howell, a professor in the BYU Psychology Department, provides psychological evaluations of criminal types. Unlike Sillitoe, Howell has actually carefully interviewed Hofmann, and knows what it would take to label someone a sociopath. *Salamander* attempts to make Howell appear foolish.

There is room for a good book on Mark Hofmann. But it will take someone genuinely competent who also has the stomach for such a grueling ordeal. Such a book must be one that is open and honest, that does not hide some unpleasant truths, that does not present an apology for any party, that weights the various alternative explanations and is forthcoming about the controlling bias out of which it is written.

Incidentally, the appendix to *Salamander* on the forensic tests used to uncover the forged documents by George Throckmorton is worth the price of the book.

The Fiction of Ron Carlson: Sending Your Heart On tour

by Brian Kubarycz

Ron Carlson is a Utah native and, currently, writer-in-residence at Arizona State University. He has written two novels, *Betrayed* by F. Scott Fitzgerald and *Truants*, and a collection of short stories called *The News of the World*. I'd read several of Ron's stories and liked them so much that I began pacing around the Humanities building grabbing unsuspecting writing tutors and forcing them to listen while I read Ron's stories aloud. Not all ran away. I loved reading about the devoted dad who shovels horse manure onto his roof every Christmas. I loved Madame Zelena, the reluctant psychic who works at Wendy's, foreseeing the customers' orders before they pull up to the drive-in window. These were characters that I could care about and that I could laugh with. When I heard Ron would be reading on campus, I went.

Listening to Ron Carlson talk about what he does solidified some ideas about writing that had been lounging in my head for a semester. Ron's casual, let-me-buy-you-a-beer attitude can fool you, and so can his prose which just barely touches the page. He makes it seem like reading and writing stories is no tougher than slipping into a warm tub. Ron, however, made sure we understood that it's not. He compares writing a story to taking an excursion into the jungle without a compass. You may know where you're going in, he says. But, good luck getting out.

Ron believes that a writer can't know what he's going to write before he writes it. The writer begins with a "kernal incident which tantalizes." But the writer can never know which way a story will turn until he actually sees it evolve on the page before him. The writer writes not to tell what happened, but to discover what happened. It's like climbing a mountain to see what's on the other side.

In fact, the writing process can be so difficult that Ron's first rule to himself as a writer is FINISH. A writer may not like the way a story develops, but the key is to keep climbing the mountain until you reach the top. Mistakes and plain bad writing will emerge, but the writer will amputate the excess in the twenty or so revisions that follow the first draft. Carlson says a story almost always starts in the wrong place. He says a twenty-page story usually begins on page seven. Guess what happens to the previous six. The writer constantly refines his work, pruning away pages of text, slowly groping toward perfection.

But, while you're busy stuffing your latest draft of "How Lassie Died" into a Hefty, remember that you're not the only one who's throwing things away. Throwing away writing puts you in very good company, indeed. Ron, himself, along with about every

other major writer, throws away almost all of his files every year. Ron reads through all his manuscripts and anything that makes him feel "like he wants to brush his teeth" goes.

Carlson says that throughout this process the only person in your way is yourself. In order to get out of his own way, he sets appointments with himself to write. Carlson says he likes to work on Saturday nights when he can hear everyone else going out for the evening. He says this makes him feel like he's getting ahead of everyone.

One of the biggest difficulties that Ron sees among beginning writers today is the desire to write about "one amazing moment." Ron traces this tendency to search for the sensational, along with the tendency to write neat melodramas which resolve themselves in half an hour, directly back to TV. He claims that we're fattened by the media and even diagnoses periodic "media-fasts." On the tube, Ron observes easy stories, stories which go everywhere you expect them to go, stories which don't leave you asking questions. Ron says that good fiction should present more complex stories which show the ambiguity of human nature.

In creating characters, Ron suggests that "you can't write what you think a character should be thinking." Instead, he says, you should explore more deeply by putting your mind in the mind of that person you are creating. He says you should "send your heart on that tour." We may know what everyone in a story does. But a story should leave us wondering why the characters do what they do and if what they do is right. It is when fiction makes us ask questions like these that it causes us to explore life and explore ourselves.

Ron tells us to throw out the story about the ski trip, the story about how your gold fish died, the story that you've already heard a thousand times. Ron tells us not to write the unbelievable, just the unexpected.

Ultimately, what Carlson searches for are stories that are "affirmative, honest and realistic." For Ron, affirmative does not mean that every question in a story is answered. It doesn't mean a happy ending. It doesn't mean that we like everything the characters do. Ron says we often balk at most happy ending stories not because they are affirmative, but because we sense their inherent "dishonesty." We can't expect to solve a ten year problem in twenty pages. What Ron seeks in an affirmative story is a story which presents life as a serious experience. A story should present us with questions that we've never considered and then push us to answer them, if we can. Ron says it should "allow larger tolerance." It should invite us to understand more, to care more. Ron Carlson's stories do just that.

Review's Reviews

George Winston plays Symphony Hall

by Tamara Townsend

A man wearing a plaid flannel shirt, wool socks, and Levi's walked onstage. He had the hairstyle of a geometry teacher. It took a minute for the audience to realize, "Hey, that's not stage crew. That's George Winston!" Although his get-up was a bit casual for Symphony Hall it set a relaxed and casual tone for the entire concert. I felt like I had been invited into his private studio to hear him play a few tunes. But the real treat was his solo piano music, in the style he calls "pop instrument." Along with his musical numbers, Winston shared his background, musical influences and charming personality.

With a "So, let's go," George started into a piece from his "Snowman" soundtrack. It took only a few chords to convince

us of his proficiency. After some amazing arpeggios, I decided that he truly was a concert pianist and not just some clever janitor. His knowledge of the instrument was evident as he created a Stockhausen-esque effect by reaching inside the piano to pluck the strings. He manages to play even the most difficult passages without breaking rhythm.

Before going to the concert I was unaware of Winston's musical versatility. Even though his soundtracks are slow, melodic songs with seasonal themes ("Winter" and "Autumn"), his most impressive pieces that evening were funky R&B and jazz songs. In one number, titled "Dog and Cat," George demonstrated the stride technique. In this jazz style, the left hand plays base chords while the right hand improvises a melody. The mood created by this and other R&B pieces overwhelmed me. I kept wishing that I were in a sleazy night dive in New Orleans, rather than at the elegant Symphony hall.

A highlight of the evening came when George decided to sponsor a dance contest onstage. In *The Price Is Right* style, he promised valuable prizes and invited spirited members of the audience to come on down and boogie to win. After he started to play the theme to Charlie Brown's Christmas, I was persuaded and dashed up to wiggle my hips. An album was a stake. I didn't win a prize (only because of the greedy hoard on stage, not my dancing ability), but I did get close enough to the piano to watch those hands fly. And when the music finished, we shook hands—his talented hands and mine. It was worth the sacrifice of energy and pride.

After expending so much rhythmic energy, I was grateful

when he started back into some slower pieces. He played some great selections from his "Winter" and "Autumn" albums. Winston intends his seasonally themed music to create images for the listener. You can actually picture colored leaves falling off trees, or little children packing ice for a snowman. Winston absolutely created an azure mood.

For his encore presentation, Winston brought out his harmonic and acoustic guitar. He tried to imitate a train whistle with his harmonica, but I thought it sounded more like my alarm clock. Winston's guitar music is similar to the songs of the late 50's and early 60's, much like the style of Alex DeGrassi. Contrasting his style with the David Lee Roth metal-fest across the street, Winston said of his performance, "I guess I'll call this 'light wood.'"

Growing up in Montana, Winston had the chance to listen to older styles of music. He cited Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson as his strongest influences. Winston has also kept in touch with his childhood by accompanying children's stories such as the "Velveteen Rabbit" and the animated polar bears of Barbara Stone.

Keeping to his good-guy, earth-first image, Winston donated all the proceeds from his album sales at the concert to Utahns Against Hunger. Even though he wasn't dressed in a tuxedo and he looked suspiciously unlike a concert pianist, I strongly recommend paying to hear Winston's music live. Of course, that's if you can't get a personal invitation to his studio. Either way, George Winston will make you feel at home.

Language and the Death of the Sublime

A look at reverence in Sacrament Meetings

by Brian Kubarycz

Over the last several years I've noticed that the amount of reverence and actual worshipful activity in Latter-Day-Saint church services has declined. Whereas Sunday meetings were once clearly dedicated to the worship of God, it seems that they increasingly tend to resemble Boy Scout jamborees. Joking abounds during discourses. Whispering frequently obliterates the speakers' words. Following the administration of the sacrament, people scramble from the chapel as soon as the priests hit their chairs. Obviously, many varied factors have contributed to these disturbances; however, one of the greatest causes behind the deterioration of reverence in Mormonism seems to be the lack of or disappearance of a liturgical or sacred language as a part of Latter-Day-Saint Sunday worship.

As I progress in my education I increasingly value the use of vernacular language. It is personable, expressive, and often more economical than more formal language. When I present myself to others (in spoken or written form), unless I have a specific reason not to

do so, I will almost invariably use casual English. However, in religious settings I feel it is important to retain the semblance of formal English. My desire for a more formal, ecclesiastical language doesn't stem from the fact that I think that common speech is base or irreverent; I think it's just fine. I do, however, believe that the language we use to a

certain extent shapes the way we perceive and react to our experiences. This given, our worship is then affected by the type of language with which we worship.

The use of a specifically liturgical style of speech in worship admittedly makes communication somewhat unnatural at first. And for this specific reason I believe it should be more widely employed. Because we increasingly use secular language in our church meetings it becomes increasingly harder for worshippers to make a psychological distinction between a religious service and a social gathering. Using a liturgy, a religious text or language reserved exclusively for worship services, compels you to assume a different mind-set, to realize that you are in a nonsecular setting. Other churches, such as the Catholic church, rely almost completely on ritualistic, liturgical speech in their meetings. The pronunciation of the mass and the administration of the Eucharist are performed in purely liturgical language. The absence of common speech adds to the sacredness of the occasion by singling it out as a wholly religious act. Since the language restricts itself to only what the liturgy contains it does not allow for joking, levity or mundane discussion. As the religious service progresses, it does so in an organized fashion, without the intrusion of secularism, because the language won't permit it.

Some may argue against this type of language, saying that we need to avoid ritualistic speech and "vain repetitions" in our meetings. I think, however, that although we may never adopt—and probably should never adopt—a completely ritualized Sunday worship, it is still important that we attempt to use a more formal speech in our meetings. We should resort to a language that will help us concentrate more fully on worshipping,

a language that will remind us to can all the antics and praise the Lord.

Interestingly, those who would be opposed to the intrusion of ritualized speech in meetings don't seem to have any problem with other types of ritualistic behavior. For example, the fact that church decorum dictates that men wear neckties and women wear dresses bothers very few people. Further, I don't think many people react adversely to the request that we not play electric guitars in the chapel. I would hope that most people do not think that electric guitars are inherently evil. Still, electric guitars saturate our secular world. We can't hear them without associating them with some sort of secular experience. Again, there's nothing inherently wrong with the secular. But it does, however, in a religious setting, divert us away from a more spiritual mentality.

Just as it helps us to modify our dress and our listening habits slightly while at church, it also helps us to modify our speech. Because of this we use written prayers when we administer the sacrament. The

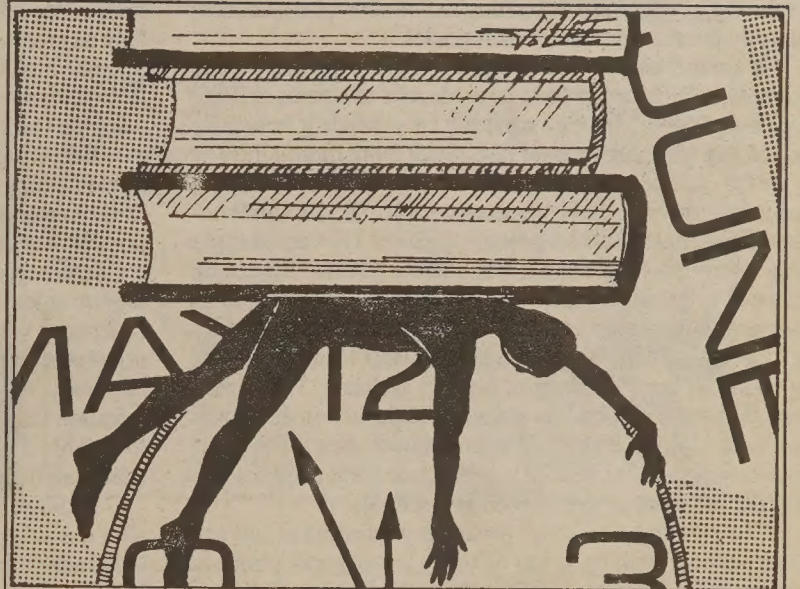
written prayer assures that our communication in that moment won't distract or offend. Similarly, when we give discourses in church we should try somewhat to elevate our speech, to avoid slang, not it is undignified, but because its use psychologically transports us from the spiritual to the secular world.

Our rigorous loyalty to the King James Bible may seem quaint, but it serves a purpose. When we read the more formal, antiquated language of the King

James version, in addition to moving us with its beauty (I hope), the language itself colors our thought and perception. We become immediately aware that we are reading a sacred text and we respond to it accordingly. If the text were more contemporary, we would not experience such a pronounced reaction.

In a church which increasingly tends toward casualness in its meetings, it is fortunate that we have temples. The temple seems to be the only setting within the Church in which secular language intrudes only minimally or does not intrude at all. Because the language of the temple endowment is foreign to us, in addition to physically, we intellectually remove ourselves from the world as we participate in the temple ordinances. The fact that we do not use the language of the endowment anywhere but within the temple insures that it will not become secularized. If we began to use the language of the temple outside of the temple, to a certain extent we would destroy the sacredness of temple worship because as we participated in the endowment we would no longer make the intellectual departure from the world as we now do.

There is really little that we can do to stop the language in general from changing, and there is really very little reason why we should want to prevent the language from changing. In the case of our worship, however, I think it is important that we attempt to maintain some semblance of formal language. This stubbornness may bother many people who find it stuffy or uncomfortable; but I believe that the intellectual jump which that discomfort causes us is the very thing that will help our worship retain its dignity.



SR art by Jeff Lee

Tempus fugit: The Insanity of Spring Term

by Gideon Burton

I'm no engineering major, but after a few weeks of Spring term I am highly familiar with the concept of compression. At just under the three week mark I added things up:

English 333: The English Novel. In less than three weeks, LESS THAN THREE WEEKS, we read four novels for a total of 2,575 pages. TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE PAGES. That's more than the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price combined. More pages than many people will read in a year—heck, a decade. The term total will mount to 4,178 pages in these seven spring weeks—an average of 596 pages a week. Something like reading the Book of Mormon once a week seven weeks in a row.

Then there's Latin 111, an accelerated course that covers a normal year of introductory Latin in a single semester's study, but then gets folded in half to be crammed into Spring term. We whizzed past my high school year of Latin in the first 6 nanoseconds of class. Could we help smirking when someone tried to add on the second day? People have dropped this class like gladiators did Christians. One of the professors from the law school is taking this course as a refresher. Even he balks a bit at Cicero's stylistic innovations with the ablative case. Of course we're reading Cicero! and Pliny, Caesar, and Ovid! We've been doing it since the third day! I'm not joking. In less than three weeks we learned four of five noun declensions, all verb conjugations in all six tenses, indicative and imperative, active and passive. We've learned to conjugate a verb in 288 different forms, a noun in any of 144 different forms, and can recognize and employ 230 different pronouns. Then the gratifying thing about glancing at my copies of Tom Jones (900 pages) or Bleak House (same number) is knowing that I've soaked in the whole of their precious prose in the same time it took my indolent neighbor to turn his tan a couple shades darker. As for Latin, my mind may swirl with the paradigms of verbs and pronouns that I'm struggling to memorize and keep straight, but a thousand years of world literature being opened to me after an investment of seven weeks of study is not a bad ratio at all. Wouldn't you like to have read Caesar or Virgil for yourself?

Compression can spell depression, but there's always the break between Spring and Summer terms to look forward to: a single sabbath day. (Now that should be a day of rest!) On that day, if not now, take time to add up what you've done. If the term itself didn't boggle your mind, seeing what you've done should!

Rob Eaton

The Socratic Method and Interactive Learning

The party line of thinking for pure intellectuals is that the only true way to learn is to experience an intellectual conversion that fills our minds with an insatiable desire to learn solely for the joy of learning. According to this creed, true students hungrily pursue truth rather than grades.

It's not a bad line of thought—for rich people. I, for example, would love to have taken dozens of classes at BYU that I simply didn't have time to take; I also would love to have delved into the courses I did take much more thoroughly.

My academic idealism, however, was tempered, not by a desire to hurry on to the professional world of BMWs and condominiums, but by some reasonable desires: 1) I wanted to put myself through school and finish without any debt (meaning I needed to work part-time); 2) I wanted to finish school as soon as possible because, knowing I would soon have a family to support, I did not want to incur needless financial burdens by taking an extra semester or more to graduate; 3) I wanted to participate in worthwhile extra-curricular activities such as Pi Sigma Alpha (the political science honor society) and *Student Review*; and 4) I wanted to get a grade point good enough to make me competitive at good law schools.

The bottom line is that I packed my schedule as full as I could without making it too difficult to get good grades—usually about fourteen or fifteen hours a semester. I did not avoid difficult classes, and I worked very hard. Yet, I if I could get an A in a religion course by cramming the night before the final, I did.

In order to have approached my classes more like a purist—which I would like to have done—I would have had to graduate a year later than I did. For me the choice was simple: study efficiently and graduate on schedule, or study as a pure intellectual and take out a loan for a few thousand dollars. Pragmatism won out.

I think I am not alone in my approach to education; I suspect that many, if not most, students do what they need to to get by. The problem is that because students can get by on as little work as they do—at least in many areas of study—BYU is not yet very close to becoming an academic Mt. Everest. If this university is to fulfill its academic aspirations, it must realize that students—even very good students—are motivated by practical considerations and not just a pure desire for knowledge. They will learn more only if more is required of them.

I propose that professors require more of students in two specific ways: use the Socratic method (humanely) and require students to write more.

After reading a couple of Chaim Potok novels last summer, I longed for the kind of educational experiences he described. The rabbis in Potok's novels expected their students to know the material. They called on students in class, not just to ask factual questions that could be learned through simple memorization, but to ask probing questions that forced students to analyze their texts.

In the two classes at BYU where I did encounter such challenges—Stan Taylor's senior seminar for international relations majors and David Bohn's theory of international relations class—I prepared more, learned more, and retained more than in nearly any other class I took. There is probably no better way to teach students how to think analytically.

I realize that it is difficult to apply the Socratic method in some classes, including the one I am currently teaching. Yet imagine how it could improve a Book of Mormon course, for example, particularly if students were graded on the quality of their participation. A teacher could assign students to examine all the uses of the word "hell" in the Book of Mormon and the New Testament before the next class period. She could then call on one student to identify the uses of the word by one prophet, another student to explain what those passages mean and justify his explanation, and another student to cite any passages that might contradict the second student's interpretation.

The burden of learning with such an approach would be effectively transferred from teachers to students, who would

be forced to grapple with the concepts themselves rather than merely memorize points written on the chalkboard.

My wife, among others, adamantly objects to such a system because, she claims, it would scare her to death. As long as professors were kind but probing, however, using the Socratic method more would merely help students' overcome their fears and learn to articulate their viewpoints—a skill valuable in almost any field.

Requiring more writing of students is not quite as easy as implementing the Socratic method because it requires more time of professors. Correcting eighty term papers may be impossible for some professors in their current situations. Others, however, may find that if they push themselves they could require at least mid-sized research papers from their students (in classes where term papers are not now required) or additional shorter papers (in classes where term papers are already required). A professor could hardly give any more helpful instruction than Lamond Tullis did last semester when he returned his students' first short papers with a list of very specific comments.

I admire Robert Matthews, dean of religious education, who has urged the religion faculty to do more in this vein. Other administrators would do well to follow suit. In addition, they might turn down the pressure to publish a notch or two by including the amount of detailed correction of students' written work as a criterion in the faculty advancement process. They might also begin requesting money—even though they won't be able to get it yet—for smaller loads for faculty members so that they can spend more time analyzing each student's work. Department chairmen and deans need to aggressively encourage the university administration to make smaller class sizes a top priority.

When professors and administrators begin to make such changes and demand more of students, they may be surprised to find out just how quickly the level of student performance will improve.

Rob graduated last April with a degree in international relations and has been teaching Political Science 200 this year. Rob is in the habit of writing his own editor's notes.

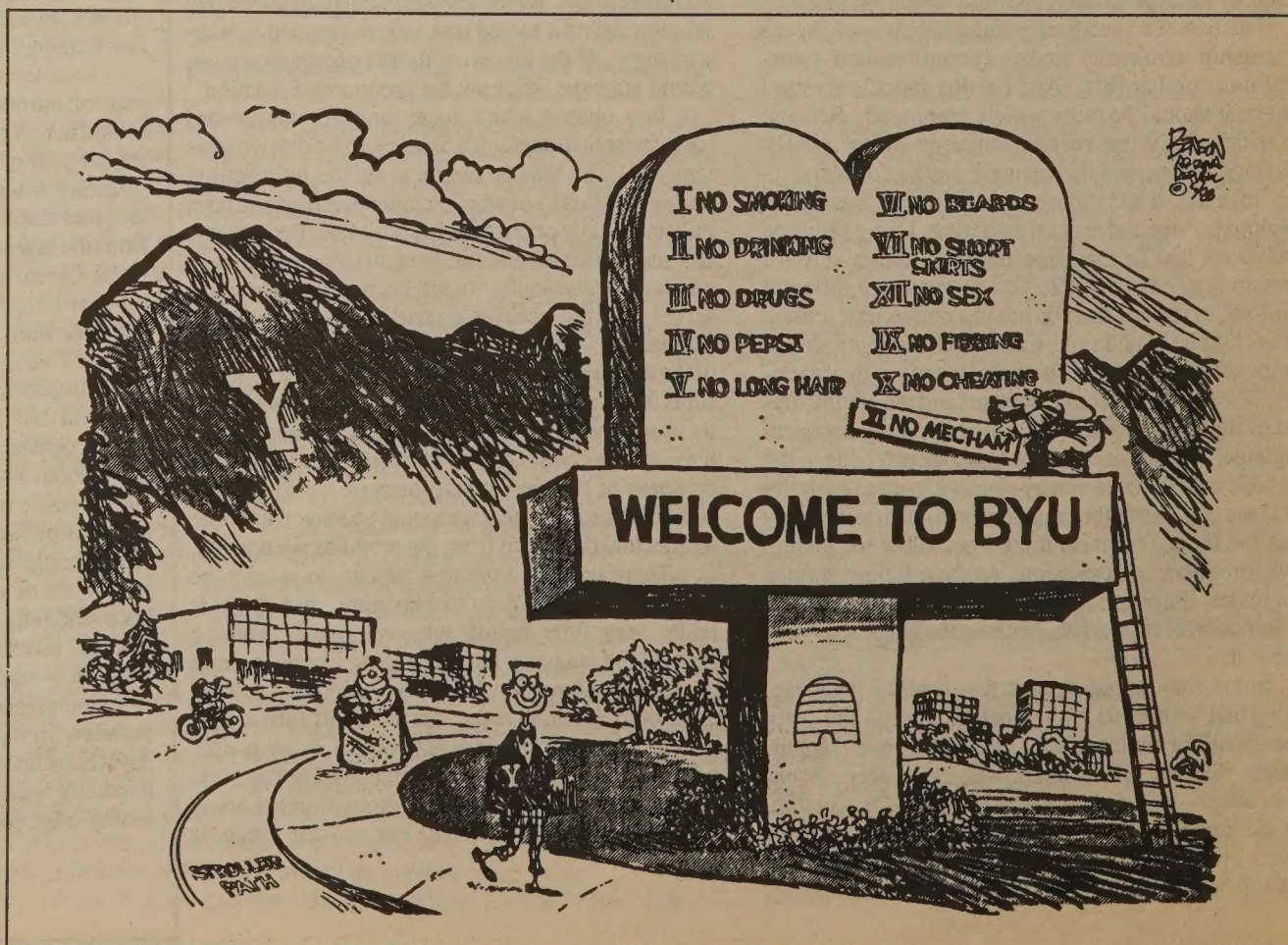
Academic Priorities

by Cathy Hendricks

Driving down the street busily on my way to my next class, I happened to look off to the side and noticed yet another condominium construction project in our fair city of Provo. "Hmmmm," I wondered to myself, "another condominium construction project in our fair city of Provo. I wonder who will live in these fine establishments." (Gradually, my analytical mind progressed to the next point.) "Hmmmm, I wonder how these people who are going to live in these fine condominiums are going to pay for them." Quickly reviewing my financial status, I discovered that I have not the means to invest in this project. Now, I have never considered myself out of the ordinary college student in very many respects. In fact, I have often thought I was very much in the ordinary as far as college students go. Realizing that I am probably an ordinary college student, and that I do not have the funds to purchase one of these condominiums, I began to wonder what kind of extraordinary college student does have the funds to purchase a condominium. Two financing possibilities quickly came to my mind: 1) parents, and/or 2) a second job. Well, since it seems that family finances are better off kept as a matter of confidentiality, I will not attempt to condemn or condone the generosity of a loving parent. However, it would seem to me that, for a college student, there should be some priorities which take precedence over our desires to look good, drive the fastest car, or live in the most luxurious apartment.

I realize that my reasoning is probably faulty and narrow-minded (merely because I am an ordinary college student), but for some reason I have always had the old-fashioned notion that I came to school to get an education, not a condominium, or a new sports car, or an entertainment center, or a stereo, or a dining room, living-room, and bedroom set. Thus, I have always concluded that, when it becomes necessary, I should work like the dickens to pay for my school and living expenses, and then study like the dickens to make my investment worthwhile. It has occurred to me that if one is working to pay for his new car, new furniture, and new stereo, these items are what are important to him. Somehow, in our university setting, these values seem to be misplaced.

Recently, some "radical" new theories relating to the priorities of college students were published in a book by Ernest L. Boyer, *The Undergraduate Experience in America*. Boyer claims that in order to be a successful student one must immerse himself in his goal because a true education should be more than just accumulating credits; a true education should be trying to gain the most out this opportunity to learn. Consequently, it logically follows that everything else should



Doonesbury

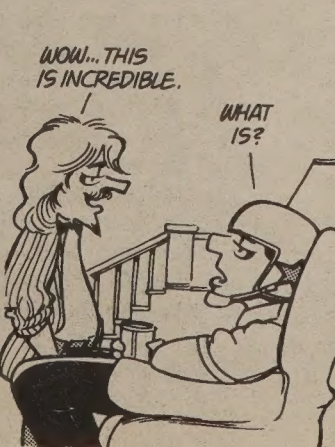
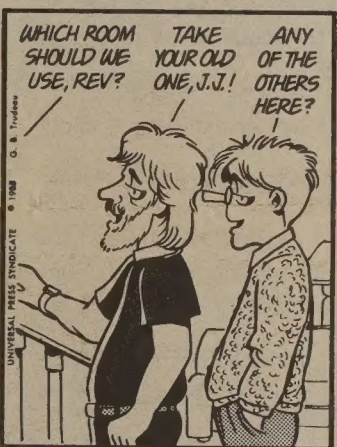
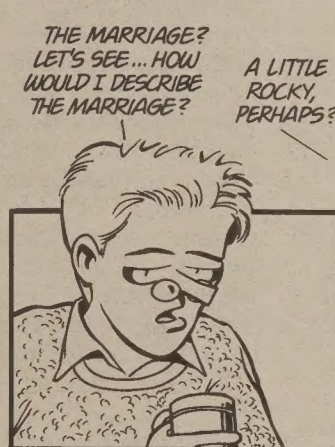
BY GARRY TRUDEAU

center around taking advantage of this opportunity. This requires constant attention to studies and an alignment of self with one's university as one enters into the community of the university. Interestingly enough, it would seem to me that one of the apparent roadblocks to gaining a true education is the employment status of many students; they are employed. Boyer claims that many students are denying themselves of the success they could experience in school because they are dividing their loyalties and time, instead of concentrating wholly on their education. Consequently, it would appear that, by spending their time on the job instead of with the books, students are depriving themselves of the success to which they should be entitled.

When I first became acquainted with this "radical" new doctrine, I laughed. Sure, I would love to give up my job and just go to school; I'm sure my teachers would love it, too. However, the more I thought about Boyer's ideas, the more I wondered about the importance of a student's priorities, and the more I noticed all of the condominiums which decorate our neighborhoods. It occurred to me that too many BYU students are denying themselves the success and benefits of excellent grades because they are trying to work extra hours and take on unnecessary jobs in order to pay, not for their education, but for their newest toy or luxury.

Unfortunately, it seems that too many couples fall into this trap. For example, last year I was casually acquainted with a young couple who had had the good luck (or so I thought) to purchase a condominium with a little help from their parents. She had a job and was putting him through school, so with some planning, they figured they could handle the expense. The condominium was beautiful, so the couple felt that their old, second-hand furniture didn't quite "fit" with their new image. After purchasing a new living-room set, refrigerator, and dining-room set (complete with a chandelier), they were ready to live it up. Then they noticed that their car wasn't as nice as the neighbors and it didn't really project their new image. Not too much later, they found a beautiful, new little sports car that filled the bill. Things seemed to be going great for them, until property taxes, the condo fee, garbage bill, water bill, homeowner's insurance, and all of the other bills caught up with them. Thus, at the time when he needed most to be in school earning his degree and getting good grades so that he could support his future family, the husband was forced to take a night time bag boy position with a local grocery store in order to provide additional income for their family's "needs." I have often reflected to myself that this couple is going to have to pay twice for all of their expenditures: once, when the bills come due, and again, when his employers-to-be look at his G.P.A.

As we advance along with our education, I would hope that the prizes we have to display for the time we spent at BYU are academic, not material. I, for one, can recognize the desire to have nice things, including an entertainment center, but not at the expense of sacrificing my education. The cost of academic success is great, but so is the cost of the new condominium lifestyle. Each ordinary college student needs to decide which goal is the most important to him and to which he will devote himself. At some point, everyone needs to choose what he is really willing to work for: a true education or a new condominium. If our priorities are right, maybe then we can truly follow at least part of BYU's motto and "Enter to learn."



THE CALENDAR

Special Events

Freedom Festival

Events June 17-July 4, highlighted by the Osmond Stadium of Fire Panorama, July 2. See fliers and posters for detailed schedule. info: 374-8687

Utah Arts Festival

at the Triad Center, SLC

Wednesday, June 22:

Park Stage:

12:00-7:00 Live Music

Plaza Stage:

7:00-8:00 Walter & Hayes (music etc.)

8:30-9:30 Ed Pratt (pop)

10:00-11:00 Joe Muscolino (big band)

Amphitheatre:

7:30-8:00 Utah Arts Festival Opening Ceremony

8:00-9:00 Ballet West

9:30-10:30 James Scott (new age)

Thursday, June 23:

Park Stage:

12:00-1:00 Jeff Colgrove Band (rock)

1:30-2:30 Tom Kehoe Group (contemp)

3:00-4:00 Renaissance Chamber Music (casual classics)

4:30-5:30 Mountain Dogs (newgrass)

6:00-7:00 Gross National Product

Plaza Stage:

7:00-8:00 Vince Fates (jazz)

8:30-9:30 Utah Symphony

10:00-11:00 Saliva Sisters (comedy & music)

Amphitheatre:

6:30-7:30 Childrens' Dance Theatre

8:00-9:00 Eastern Arts (Asian music & dance)

9:30-10:30 Company of 4 (theatre, visual arts, dance)

Friday, June 24:

Park Stage:

12:00-7:00 Live Music

Plaza Stage:

7:00-8:00 Tempo Timers (R & B)

8:30-9:30 Daniel Lentz & Group (avant-guard)

10:00-11:00 Fatburger (jazz)

Amphitheatre:

6:30-7:30 International Folk Ballet

8:00-9:00 Repertory Dance Theatre

9:30-10:30 Utah Regional Ballet

Saturday, June 25

Park Stage:

12:00-7:00 Live Music

Plaza Stage:

7:00-8:00 Synthesis (jazz)

8:30-9:30 Warren Trulson (jazz)

10:00-11:00 Rippingtons (jazz)

Amphitheatre:

6:30-7:30 Jensen Woodbury Duo

8:00-9:00 Ririe Woodbury Dance Co.

9:30-10:30 Elissa Monte Dance Co.

Sunday, June 26:

Park Stage:

12:00-7:00 Live Music

Plaza Stage:

12:30-1:30 Gina Bachauer Piano Competition 1988 Gold Medalist

2:00-3:00 Main Squeeze (Dance)

3:30-4:30 Bel Aires (original rock)

5:00-6:00 Irie Heights (reggae)

Amphitheatre:

1:30-2:30 Full Joy Gospel Singers

3:00-4:00 Amnesia Duo (new-age jazz)

4:30-5:30 Good Time Jazz Band

Admission to the festival is \$3.00 a day, or \$1.00 for the lunchtime concerts.

info: 322-2428

Adventure Film International

Wed.-Sun. June 8-12 at Snowbird

complete schedules available at Outdoors

Unlimited, or call 742-2222 or 521-6040

Outdoor Recreation

Outdoors Unlimited

Located in 108 ELWC, Outdoors Unlimited not only schedules activities and clinics, but also rents all kinds of camping, boating, biking, hiking, and sporting equipment at reasonable rates.

Squaw Peak Mountain Bike Ride

Saturday, June 25, \$9.00

Mirror Lake Mountain Bike Trip

Fri. & Sat. July 1 & 2, \$15.00

River Rafting at Green River

Fri. & Sat. July 8 & 9

Nutty Putty Caving

Saturday, July 9

Hike Timpanogas Cirque

Saturday, July 16, \$6.00

Also: sailboard clinics are held every week through October, with a 2 hour class on campus on Thursday and all day at the lake on Saturday.

Private River Trips may be scheduled on request.

info: 378-2708

Provo City Parks & Recreation

The Parks and Recreation office is located at 287 East 100 North, Provo, or call 379-6600

Tube Waterslide and Veteran's Memorial Outdoor Swimming Pool located at 550 N. 400 West in Provo's North Park. Open

1:00-8:00 p.m. Monday-Wednesday, and

1:00-6:00 p.m. Thursday-Saturday

Utah National Parks & Recreation Areas

For camping, hiking, river-running, horse-back riding, scenic flights and services information, call the park superintendents at numbers given.

Bryce Canyon National Park

24 miles southeast of Panguitch on US-89

and U-12

info: 834-5322

Arches National Park

5 miles north of Moab, off US-191

info: 259-8161

Canyonlands National Park

Colorado and Green Rivers, near Moab

info: 259-7164

Capitol Reef National Park

south central Utah, accessible from U-24

info: 425-3871

Zion National Park

south of Cedar City, accessible from I-15

and U-9 from the west and US-89 and U-9

from the east

info: 772-3256

Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area

info: 784-3409

Glen Canyon/Lake Powell

info: (602) 645-2471

The Great Salt Lake

The huge inflow of fresh water has expanded the shoreline, eliminated the dirty, crusty beaches, lowered the salinity from

27% in the '60s to about 5% now. A new beach with clean, white sand is being

created about 1 mile east of the Saltair resort. Windsurf, sea kayak, sail, mountain

bike or hike on the islands.

Heber Creeper

The Old Train Ride is a great way to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Vivian Park and Provo Canyon. The train departs the Heber

Depot (600 W. 100 S.) at 11 a.m. and 3:00

p.m. daily, and returns from Vivian Park at

1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m.

info: 654-3229

Theatre

Pardoe Drama Theatre

"The Rainmaker"

June 7-11, 7:30 p.m.

tickets: 378-7447

Hale Center Theater

"Hopsville Holiday" (musical)

through June 13, 8:00 p.m.

"Hold on to June"

June 16-August 8, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 484-9257

New Shakespeare Players

Courage Theatre, Westminster College

"A...My Name is Alice" (musical)

through June 26, 8:00 p.m.

student tickets: \$5.00, 485-0238 or

583-6520

Salt Lake City Repertory Theatre

Utah Theatre, 148 S. Main Street

"Follies"

Friday, Saturday & Sunday, through June

25, 7:30 p.m., matinee Sat. June 25, 2:00

"My One and Only"

Friday, Saturday & Monday, July 8-30, 7:30

p.m., matinee Sat. July 30, 2:00 p.m.

tickets: 532-6000

Music

Brown Bag Concerts

Sponsored by the SLC Arts Council

June 13-17, Dinwoody Mini-Park (55 W.

100 S., SLC):

Monday: pianists from the Gina

Bachauer International Piano Competi-

tion

Tuesday: Salt Lake Acting Co. "Livin'

Dolls"

Thursday: Tinpenny (Brittish trad. music)

Friday: Oquirrh Ridge Drifters (bluegrass)

June 20-21, Dinwoody Mini-Park (55 W.

100 S., SLC):

Monday: Gross National Product (jazz)

Tuesday: Loggerheads (early American)

Wed.-Fri.: no concerts.

June 27-July 30, Vestpocket Park (155 S.

West Temple, SLC):

Monday: Chris Proctor (guitar)

Tuesday: Intermountain Brass Quintet

(classical)

Wednesday: Kismet Mid-East Dancers

Thursday: Jan Konopasek Faculty Tentet

(jazz)

Friday: Backwash (rock)

All concerts are free!!!!

info: 596-5000

Utah Symphony

Utah Arts Festival, Cristopher Wilkins

conducting, June 23, Plaza Stage at the

Triad Center, 8:30 p.m.

tickets: \$3.00, 322-2428

Free outdoor concert at Weber State

college, on the Ada T. Lindquist plaza

Christopher Wilkins conducts a program of

light pop favorites, including selections from

West Side Story, and a medley of Irving

Berlin works. The concert concludes with

Tchaikovsky's 1912 Overture, accompa-

nied by live cannon fire and followed by

fireworks.

Sunday, June 26, 9:00 p.m.

info: 399-9214

"A Southwestern Experience" with

Michael Martin Murphey, Friday, July 1,

Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., and Saturday,

July 2, Deer Valley, 7:30 p.m.

"Women in Song"

Friday, July 8, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

and Thursday, July 7, at the Scera Shell in

Orem, 7:30 p.m.

"America Dances"

American dance band music, from Ragtime

to Dixieland, from Folk Fiddle to Samba

Sunday, July 10, at Snowbird, 4:00 p.m.\

"Sousa Salute"

Friday, July 22, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Saturday, July 23, Deer Valley, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, July 24, Snowbird, 4:00 p.m.

tickets: 533-6407 (half price with I.D.)

Gina Bachauer International Piano

Competition

Competition at Symphony Hall, June 14-

17 & 20-25; Final Round, June 24 & 25 with

the Utah Symphony

Ticket prices range from \$3.00 for prelimi-

nary rounds to \$50.00 for the whole

competition. For ticket information, call the

Symphony Hall Box office at 533-6407.

For general information, call 521-9200.

BYU

Synthesis

Tuesday, June 21, de Jong Concert Hall,

7:30 p.m.

Art

The Art Gallery

Trude Parkinson Collage "Open Windows:

Echoes and Shadows"

F-303 HFAC, all month

B.F. Larson Gallery

Museum of American Illustration Traveling

Show, all month

Monte L. Bean Life Science Museum

Sketches, paintings & sculpture by Mahonri

Young, all month

Museum of Peoples and Cultures

Exhibits on Near East, Central America,

American Southwest, and Historic Mormon

Archaeologic Sites

all month, 8:00 a.m.- 5:00 p.m.

info: 378-6112

Utah Museum of Fine Arts

University of Utah

American Art, through July 12

info: 581-8677

Kimball Art Center

638 Park Ave., Park City

Park City's Finest

collections from 9 of Park City's galleries

all month info: 649-8882

McCurdy Historical Doll Museum

246 N. 100 E. Provo

Diamond Jubilee Exhibit of Dolly Dingle